

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone

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- No Dust on Our Bible—*Francis C. Stiller*
- Outgrowing Your Childishness—*Lester G. McAllister*

September, 1953 - 25c

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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TODAY'S BRAINPOWER

In this day of avalanche production of material goods, while machines solve mathematical problems and in other wondrous ways dehumanize work, we are astounded to learn that a national committee, after a 16-month survey, reports the existence of "serious shortages of brainpower involving danger to national security and social progress."

But what can we as Christian parents in Christian homes do to alleviate this shortage? We can provide conditions within our homes to obtain maximum development of our children—a quiet, well-lighted place for study; a happy, fear-free atmosphere; parental interest in, and appreciation of, each child's progress, however slow or halting. And less directly, but perhaps even more important, is our own example. We should pursue any genuine interest we may have in books and periodicals, music and art in church and community activities, and in job- or hobby-related courses of study.

Much as we admire desert flowers, we are forced to recognize that a desert of any sort is not productive. Neither will the products of our homes relieve the brainpower shortage if the parents in the homes are barren of spiritual, intellectual and social interests.

So, as school begins and households resume operations on regular schedules, parents may want to reappraise their own investments of time and to reassess their value attitudes. Thus, may we increase our nation's brainpower.

● **This Issue . . .** For our September Cover, we were in search of a typical schoolgirl in the lower grades when we happened upon our Cover girl. You may not believe it, but the picture of this happy second-grader was made at school.

Many of our national leaders rely upon the Bible as the core of their knowledge and the source of their inspiration. In "No Dust on Our Bible," the secretary of the American Baptist Society suggests ways of making the Scriptures regular family fare. The study article supplies additional ideas . . . Let us know how you like "Wilbur," from the pen of Paris . . .

Again we give you a reproduction of a work of art (p. 1). This time it's modern, with stylized figures—a Lege painting from the Chicago Art Institute.

● **Next Month . . .** A well-known church leader contributes "The Christian Attitude Toward Sex." "Herrin's Youth-Building Program" devolves around an Illinois woman's club and well-planned Halloween program. There's more . . . and you'll see "Wilbur."

—I. P. B.



A Word from The Word

The Builders

*Painting by
Fernand Leger*

*Courtesy
Chicago Art Institute*

Fellow Workmen for God . . .

So neither he who plants nor he who waters is anything, but only God who gives the growth. He who plants and he who waters are equal, and each shall receive his wages according to his labor. For we are fellow workmen for God; you are God's field, God's building.

According to the commission of God given to me, like a skilled master builder I laid a foundation, and another man is building upon it. Let each man take care how he builds upon it. For no other foundation can any one lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—1 CORINTHIANS 3:7-11.

THERE is one book that you will find in every room of our home, and that is the Bible. No copy is uncut or idle, or put there merely to help fill a shelf. It fulfills a daily need for each one of us, and we are trying to learn to read it well."

That is the testimony, not of the mistress of a parsonage. It is the testimony given me last summer by Dale Evans Rogers, when she and her husband Roy were in New York for the big Rodeo Carnival. After an exhausting Saturday night performance, they were up early Sunday morning to appear on the Bible Quiz Show on radio station WNBZ. Roy joined one team and Dale the other, and they both helped the youngsters answer their questions.

Dale said further, "At our house, there's one big old-fashioned family Bible, and we've discovered that the old-time custom of family Bible reading can be a modern joy, too. As Roy, Cheryl, Linda Lou, Dusty and I gather around for prayer, we take turns at reading a passage from the Bible, whatever passage the reader selects. I can't tell you how much it emphasizes the unity of our family group to do this, or how strong and close a feeling it gives us. Here, in a habit that was elementary to our ancestors, we have found the kind of spiritual warmth that every family seeks."

There are hosts of Americans, many of them members of churches, who think of the Bible only as a book for the minister to read from in the pulpit, or

Sixty-six books of religious inspiration bound together, make the best one-volume library available for family reading. That's why there's

No dust o

for the teacher to read at school; a book to take an oath on in a court, but not as a book to be read at home. Much as it has its place in all these public functions, the Bible began its usefulness in the home and it still does its best work there. 'Way back in the old days of the Kings of Israel and Judah, before there was any New Testament, we read in the Book of Deuteronomy: "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children."

Then, in the early days of the Christian church, when there were no church buildings in which to meet, people came together in someone's home where, perhaps, they had a few scrolls of the Old Testament, perhaps the Book of Psalms or the prophecy of Isaiah. Some homes may have been fortunate enough to have a copy of one of Paul's letters or of Mark's Gospel which scholars tell

The American Bible Society, founded in 1816, has made the Bible available in more than 40 countries. The treasurer, Dr. Gilbert Darlington, here holds an annual report of its work. In 1950, it distributed 711,221 Bibles, 1,094,704 testaments, and 9,250,653 portions, printed in more than 160 languages. Its proposed expenditures for 1953 amount to more than \$3,000,000.

"To encourage religious interest in our children by starting them out in life with a copy of the most precious book ever written" is the aim of the Hospital Auxiliary of this Memphis hospital, which presents a New Testament to every baby born there. Here, a mother receives the gift for her child.



—R.N.S.

ur Bible

By Francis C. Stifler, D.D.

Secretary of the American Bible Society; formerly an American Baptist minister (1913-35); author of the books "Every Man's Book" and "The Bible Speaks to You."

us was the first one to be written. For many, many years the Bible was thus read only in homes.

Adolph Harnack was the greatest church historian of his day and his authoritative work entitled, *Bible Reading in the Early Church*, is replete with proof that home Bible reading and Christian virility have gone hand in hand from the earliest days of the church.

"There's one thing I can do, and I'm going to do it. I am going to see that my child knows and loves the Bible." Betty, who said this, was a war wife. Within the framework set by these abnormal circumstances, there were many things that Betty longed to do for her child that were sternly and consistently denied her. But one thing was still in reach. She could see that Nancy came to love her Bible.

What I told Betty when she called me on the telephone for guidance in carrying out this high resolve is, I think, worth sketching briefly here. To get the Bible in its proper place as the guide book for a home in which the children are grown and busy in school and with their parties and their dates and

Dog-eared and tattered, finger-marked and stained—that's the kind of heirloom future generations will take pride in, if it's **THEIR** family's Bible.

—R.N.S.



Courtesy American Bible Society

Banner & Greif

Cowboy star Roy Rogers and his wife actively support the American Bible Society's Worldwide Bible Reading program. The project began in World War II when a marine on Guadalcanal asked his parents to join him in the daily reading of identical biblical passages.

their sports and their funnies, is a herculean task. It almost takes some kind of a disaster to install it. But to start a family on the Bible, as Betty resolved to do, is a relatively simple task.

If someone does not give a bride and groom a family Bible, it should be purchased with the first five dollars made available—yes, five dollars. There is no room in the average modern home for a huge, expensive Bible with a tooled leather covering and brass clasps. Among the high resolves that grow so luxuriantly in the days of the honeymoon, one that should never be allowed to die, is the practice of daily Bible reading together from a modest, modern family Bible. With no children as yet, a time can always be found for family Bible reading. Two lives are being adjusted to each other. The most important and the most beautiful social fabric on earth—a home—is being woven. It must be made stout and durable enough to hold together, not only the two that are weaving it, but those others whom God will give them

(Continued on page 31.)

Golden Rule Does It

A Story by

EMMA GETZENDANER

ILLUSTRATED BY RUTH KING



I can remember that day as if it were only yesterday. Joan looked as pretty as a picture. Dick was bashful and didn't say much.

THE FILLING station at the south end of our town with the sign over it which reads "Mom and Pop Jenkins" and the white house next to it with the green roof and open, shady porch are my private world. It's a warm, summer day and I'm rocking on the porch, watching the parade of cars on their way to the mountains, and thinking about Dick Hughes.

Last autumn Pop hired Dick Hughes to be his assistant at the filling station. He was to take his meals with us and sleep in the room over the station. Dick told us he had been raised on a farm in Ohio but didn't take to farming, so decided to come west and try his luck.

My, you never saw such a well-built lad! He's tall, twenty-two

years old, with lively, brown eyes and black hair that curls no matter how short it's cut. At first I was afraid Dick was going to be a morose fellow because he was always frowning. Then I caught onto that frown. It was only to cover up his shyness. I guess it was because of it more than anything else that I took to him and asked him to call me "Mom."

Pop liked him, too, because he was quick to check the tires, get the radiators filled, and clean off the windshields. He also made a hit with Pop's customers because he could remember names and faces.

At first he was happy and contented with everything. Then Easter came along and Pop and I took him to church with us. I can remember that day as if it

were only yesterday. Dick and I were waiting in the churchyard for Pop when Brenda and Paul Yates and their daughter, Joan, came along. I introduced Dick to them. Joan was nineteen then, and this morning she looked as pretty as a picture in a huge, lavender hat and linen suit to match.

Dick was bashful and didn't say much then, but later in the afternoon, when I was sitting on the porch and Pop was dozing over the paper in his chair, Dick came around the corner of the house and sat down on the top step. He was busy whittling on a stick with a sort of preoccupied air, and then he suddenly looked up. "Say, Mom, does Joan Yates have a particular boy friend?" he asked.

I tried to think. The truth was I hadn't ever paid that much at-

tention to the young lady. I knew her mother, Brenda, much better. Then I remembered. "Yes, I've seen her with Charles Harris now and then," I said. "There are some others, too. I don't think she goes out with only one boy in particular yet."

He nodded and seemed relieved as he whittled some more. Then he looked up again. "Where do you suppose she likes to go, Mom?" he asked.

I said, "Why don't you call her and find out?"

He nodded and whittled some more, while a bumblebee buzzed in and, finding nothing of interest, buzzed out again.

The next question wasn't directed at me, "Say, Pop, are you going to be using the car next Saturday night?" he asked.

Pop's feet were propped on the railing, his hands were folded across his stomach, and his head was nodding. Slowly he opened his eyes. "What's that? What's that?" he asked.

Dick blushed and repeated his question. I held my breath for fear Pop would ask him what he wanted it for, but he didn't. He just said, "Sure, Son, you can use it, if you put some gas in it."

Dick nodded solemnly. "That's more than fair, Pop," he said. "I'll take good care of it." He put his knife away and thrusting his hands in his pockets, sauntered off toward the street, whistling.

I was in the kitchen when Dick called Joan. He talked to her about five minutes and then he came in and proudly announced, "Well, Mom, Joan's going out with me Saturday night."

"Now, isn't that nice," I said. "Aren't you a lucky boy!"

He grinned at me. "I'm going to take her riding, Mom. Any place she wants to go."

Well, Saturday night came and Dick started getting ready for the big event right after supper. I had a chance to inspect him when he came in to get the car keys. His hair was all slicked down, even to the cowlick, and he smelled to high heaven of shaving lotion and tar soap. He wore his brown suit and red tie. The tie

was loud, but it looked good on him. I was about to wish him good luck, and then I thought it might embarrass him, so I just winked as he went out the door.

SUNDAY morning breakfast was always late and Pop and Dick were out looking at the car when I called them in to eat. The boy's face as he came in was as glum as I'd ever seen it and my heart almost stopped beating. "What's the matter, Son?" I asked as I poured his coffee.

He frowned as he took a sip. "Mom, what parents would ever believe that I kept their daughter out until after two o'clock because the car really did break down?"

I stood with my hands on my

hips, my mouth dropping open in dismay. That was a bad break for the boy. To have car trouble the very first time he took out the town's best-looking, most popular girl. Then I looked at Pop.

"No, don't blame me," Pop hastened to say. "The car was all right when he left. Every car will do that once in a while, Mom. They're just as temperamental as women, that's all."

I fried the ham and eggs in silence. Then I put them on the table and sat down.

"Her parents were waiting up for us and they were whopping mad," Dick said, looking at me with misery in his brown eyes. "They wouldn't even give me a chance to explain, Mom."



PRAYER OF A PARENT

First Sunday in September

O Lord and Father of us all, look with understanding upon the slender girl in the new grey-blue suit, fifth pew from the front. When she walked down the aisle this morning, there were those who saw only the suit, the smart veil, the shining pumps—and the blond young man who followed her. And they whispered, "Eleanor is here to show off her college wardrobe and her boy friend."

But you, O Father, will see more. You will see a seventeen-year-old-little-girl-suddenly-grown-up, about to leave home for the first time, needing to feel the assurance and security of the right clothes and of a senior-in-the-university escort. You know while she talks airily, even boastfully, of throwing off the ties of childhood that deep within her heart she's afraid.

Give her strength to meet the future as bravely as she carries herself this morning. And if she cannot read the prayer response with her near-sighted eyes, you will understand that glasses can't be worn with a veil. But the words are in her heart, dear God, and to them her father and mother add this prayer for your loving guidance in the days ahead.

Amen.

FRANCES DUNLAP HERON

Now Is the Time

Bright autumn spreads her carpet
Of leaves upon the lawn:
The colder nights have lengthened
The hours from dusk to dawn.

Now is the time to listen
For wings against the sky—
To watch the living arrow
Of wild geese flying by.

Now is the time for dreaming
When the evening air is still,
When veils of pungent wood smoke
Shadow the distant hill;

Now is the time for hearthfires,
When mornings are crisp and cool;
Now is the time . . . for . . . courage . . .
Our baby has gone to school!

ROWENA CHENEY

I nodded understandingly.

"She's such a swell girl, Mom. She held the flashlight for me all the time I was working, but I just couldn't get the generator fixed any sooner."

I tried to think of something to help. I knew that Paul and Brenda Yates were extremely careful about Joan because she was their only child. "I guess all you can do now, Dick, is to wait," I said. "In a week or two, when things have calmed down a bit, you might call Joan and ask for a chance to talk to her parents."

He did just that. He patiently waited two weeks and then called Joan again. Afterward, he came out on the porch and sat down on the top step in front of me. It was around eight o'clock and the summer night had just begun to settle down for good. The lights from the cars flashed now and then across his earnest young face.

"Her mother has forbidden me to come to the house any more," he said in a lifeless tone. "She's not even to talk to me, Mom. And she's such a nice girl!"

He buried his face in his hands. *Oh, how impatient youth is*, I thought. *They can't take any setbacks.* But I felt almost as bad. "Dick," I finally said, thinking he might as well know the worst, "when Brenda Yates makes up her mind she seldom changes it. I've known her a long time, and she's just that way. If you can make a good first impression on her, she's your friend for life. On the other hand, if you happen to make a bad first impression

on her she holds it against you forever. There are no halfway measures about her."

HE WENT to church with us every Sunday from then on, and he always seemed restless sitting there, until he caught sight of Joan; then he never seemed to be able to take his eyes off her.

Paul Yates brought his car in the station one day to be checked and the boy was especially careful, spending one whole afternoon on it, washing and greasing it and putting it in tiptop shape. Paul knew it was a big job, done well, but he didn't give the boy a single word of praise.

Then, once or twice, Charles Harris stopped at the station for gas and he had Joan with him. Dick waited on him and even leaned through the window to talk to Joan, but these occasions always left him depressed. He had fallen so completely for the girl, and there wasn't a thing he could do about it.

One afternoon, I was out on the porch, rocking away as usual, watching the cars, when Joan turned in the sidewalk. I was surprised because she had never come to see me before without her mother. She pulled the extra chair over so she could watch the station as she talked, and I could tell from the expression on her face whenever Dick came into view. *She isn't in love with him yet*, I thought, *but if Brenda and Paul insist on keeping them apart, she soon will be.*

A lull in the trade brought Dick over to talk to us. He was still on the steps when Joan got up to go. He went to the end of the walk with her. They made an attractive couple, standing there in the sun, smiling at each other. He stood there with a wistful look in his eyes, watching until she turned the corner out of sight.

The first thing I knew Joan was coming over to see me once or twice a week and, every time she came, Dick would join us. I began to realize that they were using my front porch as a meeting place and I would find something in the house to do, so they could talk undisturbed. Joan, by this time, had fallen in love with Dick.

She was spunky, too, and soon tried to do something. I heard about it from Marcia Day, her aunt, at the church auxiliary meeting. Marcia poked me in the ribs and said, "Joan told Brenda that if she couldn't have Dick as a visitor at the house, she didn't want any of the other boys, either."

"Oh, Brenda won't be able to stand that," I said grimly. "Brenda was always a popular girl herself and she can't stand it to see Joan sitting around the house night after night, not going out, as if she weren't popular."

Marcia nodded and said, "I guess the tension between them is already at such a point that they aren't speaking to each other."

THE FOLLOWING week I had another surprise caller. It was Brenda! From my vantage point on the porch I watched her get out of the car and come up the

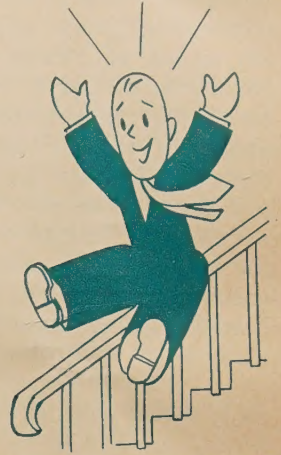
(Continued on page 29.)

By **LESTER G. McALLISTER**

Assistant Professor of Religion and Philosophy, Bethany College; formerly Director of Youth Work for the Disciples of Christ



Outgrowing Your Childishness



EVERYTHING I do is wrong! Nothing is right!" Or so it seems to many teen-agers. This process of growing up seems to go on forever. Among other things, rapidly maturing young people need to realize that a part of growing up involves leaving behind traits and attitudes which may be excused in a child but, when carried over into youth and adulthood, are inadequate to meet life's problems. This is the process of growing toward emotional maturity.

Be Your Age

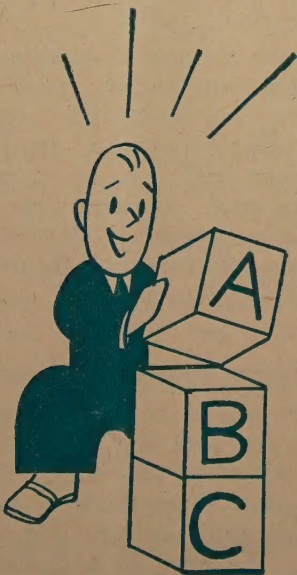
There is nothing that inspires a general lack of respect more than to find a person displaying the characteristics of someone many years younger. This is true when adults try to act sixteen and is equally true when teen-agers act more like children than youth.

What do you think of a man who throws a temper tantrum? Like any three-year-old, he lies on the floor, kicking and screaming. At least one woman famous in American history had to be rocked to sleep every night in an adult-sized cradle. We either laugh at such behavior, or we are filled with disgust. We find it difficult to take such individuals seriously.

In the same way, it is difficult to take seriously any young person who will allow behavior that is excusable only in children, to influence his reaction to life situations. Let us analyze some of these childish traits and attitudes in the hope that once we are aware of them, we may avoid them and weed them out of our everyday behavior. Do you blame others when things go wrong? What is your reaction when you do not get your way? Are you jealous of others? Selfish? Are you unwilling to work hard today so that you may enjoy tomorrow? Let us ask ourselves these and other questions. A truthful and frank answer to them will go far toward revealing the degree to which we have put aside our childishness.

When Things Go Wrong

It seemed to Tom that everything possible had gone wrong that day. First, the alarm failed to go off on time and he missed his ride to school. At school, he was asked to recite in the very subjects he had not studied. That afternoon, when he went to deliver his paper route, he found a flat bicycle tire. As if this were not



enough, that evening, when he asked permission to use the family car, he discovered his parents had other plans. What was wrong?

Tom was tempted to blame an unkind fate and to cry out against a cruel world, until he got to thinking about it. Then he remembered that he had failed to set the alarm the night before. He had purposely talked himself out of studying because he wanted to play ball. The slow leak in the bicycle tire he had meant to fix for several days but never got around to it. And he knew within himself that he should have spoken

aches and sickness. It was true, some days she did not feel too well, but on the whole she felt as well as anyone. Why the complaints? She had gotten into the habit of complaining because she found she could thus attract attention and sympathy to herself.

Bill had fallen into the habit of interrupting any one of the gang who was telling some interesting incident by saying: "That's nothing, here's what happened to ME!" With that, he would fill the next thirty minutes with stories about himself and his own interests. What was wrong?

"This Is Mine"

"This is mine, and you can't have any!" The tendency toward selfishness is a mark of the small child. Mature judgment indicates a willingness to share.

This was vividly illustrated some years ago when five fellows were hiking in the Sierras. It was a long way back to camp and all were hungry. Suddenly, one fellow realized he had a bar of chocolate in the pocket of his jacket. What to do with it? Divided, it would be only a small bite for each of the five hungry people. If he kept it and fell behind, he could have it all to himself. A choice was to be made. The little boy in him said: "Keep it." The sportsman in him said: "Share."

He decided to share it. Each received only a small piece, but morale was lifted, tiredness was forgotten, and they went singing their way down the trail toward camp. The one who shared, had forgotten "I" and could now say "We."

Learning to Wait

Money early attracts the growing child. He learns that the small, round metal objects can be exchanged at the store around the corner for things that are good to the taste. When he is older he learns that, by saving a number of them, he can buy many nice things—but he has to put off until later the day of enjoyment.

This too is a part of growing up. The immature person makes his decisions for immediate enjoyment. He is unwilling to delay immediate gain for the greater pleasure later. Children take immediate enjoyment. Mature individuals anticipate the future results of decision made in the present.

Outgrow Your Childishness

Every one of us wants to grow up, but our idea of what it means to do so is often very hazy. There are at least three kinds of maturity; physical, mental, and emotional. We have been discussing emotional maturity. Emotional

(Continued on page 28.)

Outgrowing Your Childishness . . .

Teen-ager or adult, you no doubt take pride in your maturity. Sure, you don't slide down banisters or play with blocks. But do you also show signs of emotional maturity?

for the family car sooner. So it was Tom learned that when things go wrong he might look first at himself before blaming others.

Getting One's Way

Mary's mother had explained to her why it was not possible to have a new dress for the big party coming up in a few weeks. Mary also knew that additional clothes could be financed with savings from her allowance, but this she chose not to do. As a result, she determined not to go to the party. She would stay at home and show everyone. And so she did. Only after the party did she learn that it was informal after all, and she might have worn any of the clothes she already had. Thus Mary learned that in staying at home she was the only one hurt. Staying at home did not get the new dress, and going along would have been fun.

Getting and Holding Attention

Sally did not realize it, but she was driving her friends away by her constant complaints of head-

Like small children, they wanted to be the center of things. Who has not at one time or another seen the "show-off" who does anything to attract attention. When tempted to this kind of behavior, remember that in most instances it is a dead "giveaway" of the one seeking recognition in a childish manner.

The Green-eyed Monster

Jealousy is never very pleasant to look upon. It is a terrible disease, like cancer, that eats its way through one's body. Jealousy and envy take place inside us, but make themselves known to those about us. We cannot hide their damaging effects. When we have revengeful thoughts toward someone who gets better grades in school or attracts "the only one" away from us, we are often changed from a pleasant to a most unpleasant person. After a while, it gets to be a habit. We go around with a chip on our shoulders. . . . And we go around alone. Jealousy and envy are always one sign of emotional immaturity.

A child has problems, too, for the rigors involved in being brought up may take a lot out of life. Appreciation, sympathy, kindness and understanding—these are what he needs, especially if . . .

He's a Teaser!

by Janice A. McDonald

JOHNNY! Will you leave Judy alone! She didn't do anything to you!"

Johnny is defiant, Judy is in tears, and you are at your wit's end. "She's such a baby!" Johnny says. "If she wasn't such a baby!"

This is no excuse for Johnny, and he knows it. You do not quite know how to stop him effectively.

The plain truth is that Johnny is jealous of Judy. Judy is cute. Everyone else fusses over her. She is good most of the time, and she has many adult admirers. Judy is three years old and very adorable. Johnny, on the other hand, is all boy, nice looking enough when his hair is combed and his face is clean, but not handsome. He is five and a half years old, a grown-up kindergartner and a noisy extrovert. Johnny has problems.

You will have to do something about this problem of Johnny's. Johnny has the same troubles that Judy does—but with his elders! No one thinks of telling an adult who may be teasing him unmercifully, "Pick on someone your own size!" Instead, they are far more likely to say to Johnny, "He's only teasing! Can't you be a sport? You have to learn to take as well as to give!" Johnny is puzzled, and why not? If it is so

naughty of Johnny to tease Judy, why is it not naughty as well for older people to tease him?

It may seem strange, but in both cases, when Johnny teases Judy, and when aunts, uncles or parents tease Johnny, the same feeling of insecurity results. In Johnny, this reaction is most evident, for, at the same time, he still may be wrestling with a feeling of inferiority that he is not, after all, as brainy as Johnny's father or as adequate as his sister.

In Johnny's case, we have the younger sister who is adored, and apparently always good. So much favorable attention to Judy gives Johnny a sense of insecurity. Any attention is better than being ignored; so he gets it by teasing Judy. There may be no apparent reason for it. It looks just as if he were being naughty and mischievous, but it may possibly be that his father said something last night that upset him, and he is now "taking it out" on the innocent Judy.

People are always blaming the teaser. He is looked at askance and with tight lips. After all, he "started it," and must be taught; but to solve the problem happily, more should be done than to punish one child and soothe the other.

We must also be sure that Judy is not the saint that she appears. Young sister can do damage to older brother's toys—knowingly

—Browning from *Gendreau*



We can also be sure that Judy is not the saint that she appears. Young sister can do damage to older brother's toys.



Introducing . . .

A New Feature by PARIS

THIS MONTH, HEARTHSTONE introduces "Wilbur," a little cartoon character created by Howard Paris. He'll appear in every issue for some time to come.

HEARTHSTONE readers, big and little, have all enjoyed the cute cartoon children Paris has drawn for previous issues. But they've never met their creator. We therefore asked Mr. Paris to send us his picture and to tell us about himself. Above is his photograph, and he writes:

"Each morning, as bona fide office workers stream past on their way to work, I jump into my car and drive earnestly to the post office—to appear respectable. This is because I handle most of my cartoon business by mail and work at home.

"We moved to Atlanta from my native Alabama early last year. Locally, I'm doing a weekly feature for *The Atlanta Journal Sunday Magazine*. I've had cartoons in more than 100 magazines in the

U.S. and Canada, and sustain regular features in a number of them. Our three children cooperate beautifully—sometimes. Unwittingly, they furnish material for many cartoons.

"Ironically, some of our neighbors don't know what I do for a living. One good lady, having seen me constantly around the house, said compassionately to my wife: 'Oh, you poor dear, I'm so sorry your husband is unemployed!'"

And now . . .

Meet...



WILBUR

and unknowingly wreaking havoc—and the pleas that Judy is "still a baby" and "doesn't know" do not look very fair to Johnny. Sometimes, a younger child who is frail or who has had a lot of sickness gets away with a lot of things after he has recovered.

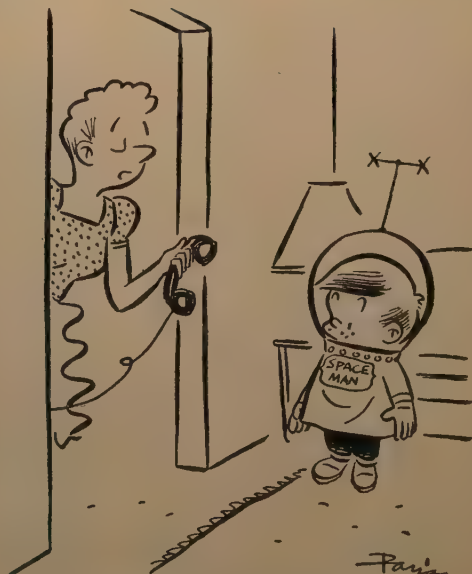
Observe Johnny. Look at him casually without seeming to watch. When someone is exclaiming over Judy's prettiness or cuteness, favor *him* with a glance of appreciation even if he *does* look disreputable. Make some mention of something that he has done. Remark, for instance, on the pretty valentine that he made you, or the fact that *he* helped you or Daddy do something today. "We couldn't get along without him," you might say. It probably would be natural and far easier for you to tell Johnny that he should put his shirt tail in, or to send him out to wash his dirty hands, but such discipline would be derogatory and not curative, and would not give security.

It may be that the little bit that Johnny did to help you or his Daddy was inconsequential and not very helpful. It may also be true that the valentine was poorly made. In fact, you might have thought

at the time that it would have been nicer if it were neater. It may seem far-fetched to pat Johnny on the head for a messy valentine, or for drying the silver and the pans when at the time he managed to splatter a lot of water all over your clean kitchen, when the problem is his teasing his younger sister. But because it is his insecurity that is the cause of the teasing, the friendly touch will bring good fruit.

There are many times when you have to be the firm disciplinarian over Johnny. He does not see your face or hear your warm voice when you look in on him when he is asleep. Be kind to him when he is awake. You love him fully as much as you do Judy. He is your first-born. Why not let him see it?

Helping Johnny over the problem of teasing can be accomplished by a mixture of giving him favorable attention and letting him see that it can be *fun* to play with Judy as well as the kind thing for him to do. A laughing Judy will please Johnny more than a weeping one and give you less to worry about. Johnny is your big boy and also your friend. Let him know it. Work, laugh, play together. Your Johnny will then have no need for resorting to teasing.



"It's someone on planet X."



Frink from Monkmeyer

Grace at table takes only a minute, but the influence of this custom may last a lifetime.



Reba Lee Cobe

A simple worship center is easily arranged.

Pray and Praise TOGETHER

*Family prayers and family devotions
strengthen family unity and
increase individual integrity.
If family worship's been neglected,
there are many ways to start it*

Study Article and Study Guide by IDRIS W. and ELIZABETH N. JONES

FAMILY WORSHIP" was the topic announced for the Young Adult Fellowship forum. A panel of leaders in the church was ready to discuss questions.

"We want to have family worship in our home when we are married," began Marjorie. "We know that God is the source of all of good, and both of us want to acknowledge daily our devotion to him. We believe that by worshipping together as well as working and playing together, we can more easily feel his benediction on our home. There is a saying that the family that prays together, stays together. That we sincerely believe. But what do you think is real family worship? Is it reading a Bible passage together every day? Or is it saying grace before we eat, or praying on our

knees? What do all of you do when you worship at home with your families?"

Family Plans Vary

"We worship every Saturday night when we do the final preparation of our church school lessons," answered Mr. Wilson. "Each week, one of us plans the family worship around his own lesson for the next day. We sing hymns together that fit the theme. We read the Scriptures and pray. Sometimes we talk about the lesson, too. The children show us the pictures in their books as we worship. Sometimes Dad and I find a picture to illustrate our lesson. That's when we have our family council, too, and usually a game or two. It's our family night."

"We worship every night right

after supper," contributed Mrs. Wheeler. "Since the children are grown and away from home, we do not have to hurry to get finished. We use some of the great devotional books or *The Secret Place*. Then we add our own prayer."

"Our Jeanie is so young, not quite three, that we consider her bedtime quiet hour as the time for our family devotions," added Mrs. Wyatt, a young mother. "She has a little table beside her bed where we keep her church school children's books, and a picture of a little girl praying. Usually, we have a story; then we talk about happy things that have occurred during the day, and either Jeanie or one of us says 'Thank You' to God. We hope this will lead naturally into a habit of personal private devotions for her, as well

Pray and Praise TOGETHER . . .

Every-member participation characterizes successful plans for worship in the home, but time, place and content vary with family needs and family customs

as of regular worship for our family."

"Our family very seldom worships together," confessed Mr. Willis. "We do say grace, and all of us have our own quiet times during the day, but our family worship usually grows out of a special event in the family or a holiday. Our worship together always seems to be a mountain-top experience for all of us, and the peace and sense of the companionship of God stays with us in all of our family life for days. I'm not sure that it would be so powerful an influence for us if we tried to worship together more often. For instance, we always have a time of worship at Christmas, at Easter, and at Thanksgiving. On birthdays we set aside a special time to praise God. When we go on a trip or start a special family project, we ask God's guidance. Sometimes we sing hymns together on a winter evening, or stand silently, each one communing with God, before a beautiful bit of scenery."

The Williams family had teenage children. Mr. Williams said, "We try to get together ten minutes before breakfast every morning. We take turns choosing a favorite verse of Scripture, and each one reads it in turn from a different translation of the Bible. We note the differences in wording, consider its meaning for us, and have a prayer of dedication for the day. Sometimes we do feel rushed, but usually we find it's a good way to begin our busy day. If we don't plan to worship together every day, we find that we begin to do it less and less frequently."

The Best Time

So many ways to worship together as a family! And there

are just as many others, all depending on the size, the ages, the interests and needs of the individual family. When we consider how and when families worship together effectively, we discover two important facts. First, the quality of the worship is of greater importance than the frequency or time of day. To be truly effective, worship should lead each member into a closer fellowship with God. It should leave all refreshed and inspired. It is better to worship deeply one day a week, in leisure and calm, than to go through the motions of worship every day half-heartedly and hurriedly. However, if a family can schedule time each day to worship sincerely, that family will find its daily life strengthened, for the true Christian constantly seeks and praises God. Decide in your own family when your schedule is most nearly free from interruption and hurry. Try that time for your worship.

The Best Way

Second, the results of worship are of greater importance than the manner of worship. Family wor-

ship can take many forms—singing, praying, reading the Bible, discussion, silent communion, thanksgiving. Each family must decide which form or forms lead its members most closely to God. Try several forms from time to time to find the one best suited to your family. Change the form frequently to avoid the deadening influence of monotony.

The Best Place

Because environment has such an influence on our moods and thoughts, it is well to plan carefully the setting for family worship. Surely a table laden with dirty dishes is not an inspirational place to worship a God of beauty and order! Undoubtedly, even a feeling of gratitude for food and for God's goodness in giving it to us is more easily aroused before the meal in the gracious setting of a daintily arranged table.

If you have a beauty spot in your home—a breezy porch in summer, a cozy fireplace in winter, a picture window, a sweet-toned piano—there you would do well to plan your place of worship. Perhaps the corner of a room can be set aside for worship. A table with a blooming plant, a Bible, and a candle on it, or a shelf of good books, or a lovely picture on the wall—any one of these can serve to draw minds away from everyday concerns to thoughts of God and his Son. Such a corner may become a haven for personal prayer and meditation as well as the scene of family devotions.



Use of Guidance Materials

Hearthstone each month features a section called "Worship in the Family with Young Children." The church school literature for all ages contain materials which should help. *The Secret Place* can be used for family worship as well as for private devotions. Devotional books for children and adults recommended in the Study Guide below and in the first article of this series (see July HEARTHSTONE, pp. 4-7) can serve as starting points and source books for your worship together. "The Best There Is," a booklet published by Judson Press and enclosed in a folder called, "The Best for Your Children," contains several suggested family worship services. *Our Family Grows Toward God*, by Mary Clemens Odell, makes many suggestions also.

All of these books are excellent sources of materials for your worship. However, a wise family will use them as resources and guides primarily. No service planned by others will help your family as much as the one you together plan for yourselves.

How to Plan

Each member of the family ought to take an active part in planning and leading the worship service. Each family will make its own pattern of participation. Perhaps you will take turns planning the worship individually. Perhaps two partners will work together in planning, enlisting the others to read the Scriptures, pray, and take part in other ways. Perhaps the children will plan one time, the parents another. Or you may appoint one member to be responsible for arranging the worship center, another to plan the service.

How to Begin

If you have a family council, the worship can well stem from a very natural prayer seeking guidance. Expand that prayer sometime to a short family devotional. You may want to discuss the value of a time of worship together. If all plan together for the time and place, all will take an active interest in its success. A night of

family fun can end sometime in prayer, and you have made a start.

Or you can begin your family worship on a holiday, such as Thanksgiving or Christmas, when it is very natural to want to praise God. If you plan carefully for your first service together, and each one feels the fellowship and inspiration of it, it will be com-

paratively easy to continue the practice.

So, plan carefully and prayerfully, enlist each one of your family, be regular and unhurried. You will find that family worship will become a strong foundation on which to build the fellowship of your Christian home.

Pray and praise together.

STUDY GUIDE

I. The Leader Prepares:

In addition to the usual preparation, namely, a careful study of the article and an analysis of its principal suggestions, there are several things the leader can do to make this a helpful meeting for those participating in it.

In the first place, the leader will find that a display of recommended resource materials and helps will be greatly appreciated. Among these could be various translations of the Bible.

For those homes with young children, a display of picture sets used in the Sunday church school would show what fine religious pictures are available at an inexpensive price. Some of these might be purchased by families for use within their homes, thus integrating the Sunday church school experience of the child with home worship.

To enrich the meeting further, the leader may have two or three sample worship centers set up. These should be simple in nature: a lovely picture over a table or mantelpiece; a copy of the Bible, opened beside a lighted candle; a pretty window with a plant or plants on the sill.

Another way for the leader to make the meeting helpful would be to arrange to open or close with a family worship service as an example.

II. The Group Discusses:

Many of those who come to this meeting will bring not only the information they have gleaned from reading the article but also the understanding they have obtained from their own experience with family worship—or the lack of it.

Time should be allowed to call attention to the displays of resource materials, worship centers and pictorial aids. This may be allotted at the beginning of the meeting, at the end, or at an appropriate time during the discussion.

Some questions that might be considered are:

1. *Why is family worship important? What should a family seek to achieve through worshiping together?* These are basic questions. When a family truly understands, as a family, why worshiping together is important, that family will put forth every effort to answer

the *when, where, and how* of worship. The group may quickly agree that family worship is important; it is worth taking time, however, to explore adequately the reasons *why* it is important. The article presents several answers to this question; the group may suggest others.

2. *What are the ways in which a family can worship?* The article opens with examples of ways in which various families worship. Can the members of the group think of other ways also?

3. *When should the family worship together? How frequently?* With modern work, social, and school schedules this not always an easy question to answer. What are the best times, in the experience of the members of your group? Frequency varies with the type of worship experience: sharing in grace comes at every meal, whereas other experiences may be shared once or twice a week or once each day. What do you recommend?

WHEN CHILDREN COME WITH YOU

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, or in such books as *Here's How and When*, by Armilda Keiser.

Direct Games. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers and in books such as *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Nina Millen.

Lead a Missionary Project. For information, Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York; Disciples, to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 South Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

4. *What use can the family make of special days?* This question is raised in the article. What have been the experiences of your members?

5. *What setting for family worship has been most helpful in your home?* In introducing this question, the leader may call attention to the sample settings arranged in the room. Seek to discover other settings used by the families represented in the group.

6. *What materials or other resources have you found most helpful?* The display of resource materials and pictorial aids may be used here to introduce the question. It may well be that members of the group have other materials they have found particularly helpful and are willing to share.

7. *Who plans your family worship?* Worship can be most truly a family experience when it is planned by the family

as well as shared in, by the family. This is one way, for example, in which the family council can function helpfully.

III. The Family Experiments:

In "Democracy Is Homemade," last month's Study Article, the value and importance of the family council was presented. From this article on family worship helpful ideas and practices could be taken and shared within each family, possibly through the family council. The members of the family could discuss the various kinds of worship and reach decisions concerning their own family practice. The type of worship in which they share, its frequency, the setting for it, and the resource materials to be used are all matters for family decision. Thus worship not only becomes a genuine religious experience for the family, but it also strengthens the working of democracy in the home.

IV. The Family Explores Helpful Resources:

The Bible (in various translations).

Hymnals. The hymnal is a rich resource for devotional readings as well as for hymns to sing.

Thoughts of God for Boys and Girls, by Edith Frances Welker and Aimée Angus Barber, Harper & Bros., 1948. 369 pages; \$2.00.

Deep Is the Hunger, by Howard Thurman. Harper & Bros., 1951. 212 pages; \$2.50.

A Diary of Private Prayer, by John Baillie Charles Scribner's, 1952. 135 pp.; \$1.50.

450 Stories from Life, edited by Leonard Rush Jenkins. Judson Press, 1947. 333 pp.; \$2.50.

Also, resources listed in study article, "So You Want a Christian Home" (HEARTHSTONE, July, 1953, p. 6).

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Kind of shoes Dutch children wear -----	21	40	52	34	2	56
B A kind of squeeze -----	38	66	10	31	44	
C Silly barnyard bird -----	47	55	60	104	27	
D A park seat -----	8	54	109	82	42	
E Where boats tie up -----	41	22	58	101	35	
F July holiday -----	79	5	88	75	39	17
G Shoe for a cowboy -----	69	114	71	83		
H What most sweaters are made of -----	65	112	48	33		
I Smelly garden vegetable -----	85	59	108	91	96	
J The watery part of milk -----	107	62	11	77		
K To make something new or different -----	29	15	53	7	93	61
L What a silly person is sometimes called -----	110	87	92	103		
M Place to stay for the night when traveling -----	68	32	72	57	4	
N Head covering -----	111	106	49	90		
O Person born in a particular place or country -----	12	36	89	45	6	20

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30		31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38
39	40		41	42	43	44	45	46	47
48	49	50		51	52	53	54	55	56
	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66
68		69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
89	90	91		92	93	94	95	96	97
99	100	101		102	103	104	105	106	107
109	110		111	112	113	114	115		

Solution on page 31.

P Not able to hear -----	50	100	18	80		
Q Sharp, high-pitched sound -----	37	99	70	25	1	30
R Movie house -----	3	73	9	23	67	16
S To pull or drag -----	105	43	13	51		
T A net for fishing -----	26	63	14	86	81	
U A cause for joy or delight -----	98	115	74	78	19	
V To stay with someone as a guest -----	28	102	46	84	24	
W All by yourself -----	95	76	97	113	94	

with Young Children

A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Or, if you and your child have quiet moments together, apart from the regular family worship, the poems, songs and other materials given here may help you share an experience of worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested here are from the graded church school materials. If your church uses these, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear. He will enjoy using these with you at home.

The worship resources given here are divided into three sections: (a) for the 3-year-olds; (b) for the 4- and 5-year-olds; (c) for the 6-, 7-, and 8-year-olds. Should your child want to make his own book of devotions, cut, or let your child cut, along the colored border of each small page. He may paste each of these pages into a loose-leaf or spiral notebook, or on sheets of paper of uniform size to be tied together.

It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.

Theme for September: **THANK YOU, GOD, FOR CHURCH**

To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

It is important that your child's first experiences in church are happy ones, for his first experiences and impressions will influence his later attitude toward the church.

Your child will learn much about the importance of church from the attitude which you yourself display toward it and its activities. If you look eagerly to going to church; if you attend your church regularly; if you talk of pleasant experiences in relation to the church; and if you accept church responsibilities willingly and happily, you will be showing your child that church is important to you.

The church is interested in the Christian growth of your child, just as you are. Your child will greatly benefit from the church

and home working together.

Become well acquainted with your child's teacher at church school. Each of you can help the other to understand your child and to contribute to his Christian growth.

At home, talk with your child about the things he does at church, the happy times he has, the songs he hears and sings, the stories he hears. Of course, you will need to know these yourself. Help him to look forward to growing big enough to go into the kindergarten class. Perhaps you will want to read to him the story "Big Enough to Help One Another," from the leaflet *Home Guidance in Religion*, No. 51. Often, when you think together about happy times at church, you may say, "We are glad for church. Thank you, God."



—R.N.

To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut along the broken lines and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

CHURCH IS A FAMILY

"Love one another."—John 15:12.

Is Church a Family?

My family has lots of fun:

We work and sing and play,
And help with things till day is done,
And then we always pray.

At church we work and play and sing,
And sometimes, too, we see
A helpful act, and then I think—
Is church a family?

—JESSIE B. CARLSON

Prayer

Thank you, God, for my family at home.
Thank you for my church family, too. Amen.

WE WORK AT CHURCH

Even a child is known by what he does.—
Proverbs 20:11 (Moffatt).

Thank You, God, for Church

Thank you, God, for church,
For friends and teachers, too.
For minister and organist,
We give our thanks to you!

Help us find at church
Many tasks to do,
That will show our love
And our thanks to you!

—JUANITA PURVIS

WE GROW AT CHURCH

I was glad when they said to me,
"Let us go to the house of the LORD!"
—Psalm 122:1.

The Church

(A PLACE TO GROW)

Sing a song, oh, sing a song,
So happy I, the whole day long
To see each friend with smiling face
On Sunday in this happy place.

With words to learn, with work for all,
And pictures bright upon the wall,
That tell of Jesus long ago
(Dear God, like Jesus I would grow!)

—SALLY HOUSTON

Prayer

Thank you, God, for the church where we
learn about Jesus. Help me to grow like him.
Amen.

WE PRAY AT CHURCH

I was glad when they said to me,
"Let us go to the house of the LORD!"
—Psalm 122:1

I Like to Go to Church

I like to go to church
With other girls and boys.
We look at books,
We sing our songs,
And learn to share our toys.

We have a happy time;
We work and sing and play,
And then we rest
And think of God,
And then we quietly pray.

—JUANITA PURVIS

To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . . .

(Cut along the broken lines and paste each small page into your own book of devotions.)

CHURCH IS A FAMILY

“Love one another”—John 13:34.

I Give Thanks

I thank God for my father and my mother,
My sisters and my brothers,
Who join themselves with me
To make my family.

I thank God for the house we call the church,
Where songs and prayers I learn,
And friends and playmates dear
Can worship with me there.*

—FRANCES MCKINNON MORTON

*From *Hymns for Primary Worship*, copyright, 1946,
by The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

WE WORK AT CHURCH

Even a child is known by what he does.—
Proverbs 20:11 (Moffatt).

We Work at Church

Dear God, we thank thee for our church,
And all the workers there.

We're glad for all the work they do
And that we, too, can share

In making church the kind of place
That you want it to be.

Help us to be good workers, God,
Especially for thee. Amen.

—JUANITA PURVIS

WE GROW AT CHURCH

Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and
in favor with God and man.—Luke 2:52.

Dear God, We Like to Come to Church

Dear God, we like to come to church
To learn and sing and pray;
We like to be together here
To start a happy day.

We like our minister to pray
And read the Bible too;
Dear God, we like to come to church
To be with friends and You.*

—MARY GRACE MARTIN

Story

“Ways of Growing,” Primary Pupil’s Book,
Second Year, Summer, page 43.

*From *Hymns for Primary Worship*, copyright, 1946,
by The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

WE WORSHIP AT CHURCH

I was glad when they said to me,
“Let us go to the house of the LORD!”
—Psalm 122:1.

Our Church Helps Us to Worship God

Our church helps us to worship God;
We sing our songs of praise
And talk with Him in quiet tones
And work in friendly ways.
We feel that God is very near
As we work and worship here.*

—MABEL NIEDERMEYER

Prayer

Thank you, God, for the church, where we
can come to worship thee. Amen.

*From *Hymns for Primary Worship*, copyright, 1946,
by The Westminster Press. Used by permission.



—RNS

The Labor Temple, in New York's East Side, dedicates its "Church of the Crossroads"—a crossroads "of people and ideas, of Christians and Jews, of Catholics and Protestants brought together in a symphonic democracy." Shown here, with a woman from the congregation, are the four ministers of the church. They include a Korean, an Italian, and a Puerto Rican.

**The purpose in a man's mind is like deep water,
but a man of understanding will draw it out.**

—PROVERBS 20:5

DEEP IN OUR hearts we know that millions of people throughout the world are longing to throw off poverty, ignorance and imperialism. We ought to be working hard to help them achieve their goals.

Even within the United States we do not have a perfect order. Modern society has tended to subordinate man to economics. Too often it has made man a prisoner inside the machine. Work should always be creative energy in the service of society, but today too often people work merely to draw a pay check.

Today, the possessive forces are in control. Business grows larger, profits grow higher, and we become ever more dependent on a military economy to keep up our prosperity.

Now, America is predominantly a nation of workers. Nearly all the men below sixty-five are gainfully employed and the great bulk are in manufacturing and agricul-

ture. These workers are our friends and neighbors. They are the automobile or transportation workers, the steel workers, the carpenters, farmers, miners, engineers; or they are in professional occupations, clerical work or domestic service. The possessors who own the mines, the factories, the most valuable real estate in our cities, the ships on the ocean and the airplanes in the air, are few in number.

To meet this situation, trade unions have arisen to safeguard the worker from exploitation. But every citizen should stand guard that the human rights of each and every citizen are protected. We should all be ready to sacrifice ourselves for the common good. This is essentially why we ought all of us to take an interest in the labor movement. We should want to ensure decent hours of labor, minimum wages, good housing facilities for all, including the most menial worker.

By JEROME DAVIS

Cofounder of the Religion and Labor Movement. Formerly Professor of Christian Ethics, Yale Divinity School. Author of "Peace, War and You."

The Christian

Because of the appeal of the organized labor movement, numbers of college graduates, teachers, even ministers have given up their regular calling and gone into the labor movement as paid workers. One of the Methodist ministers in New Haven left his pulpit to serve organized labor. Today, after twenty years, he is part of the staff of the American Federation of Labor, at Washington.

Everyone is indebted to labor for preparing our food, our clothes

Here's a Christian who unconsciously helps the labor movement. Selected "1952 Worker Father of the Year," this Ohio auto worker, father of two children, volunteers his services to his church and community.

—RNS



and the Labor Movement

and all the myriad articles we use each day, from automobiles to houses. Everyone who sincerely tries to live by his Christian ideals must be concerned that he has done his part to help labor in the community in which he lives and throughout the world.

What can we do to help labor? First of all, we can get acquainted with those who wait on us directly. What have you done to help the milkman, the garbage collector, the mailman and any others who serve you? Why not give them a book that you think would interest them, or find out about their children and perhaps invite them to a party sometime?

Many years ago, when I first came to New Haven, I visited the

monthly meeting of all the labor unions in the city. I suggested that they might start a forum, with the result that for years they had a really worth-while forum with religious leaders and other speakers from all over the United States. And I was rewarded by the gift of a gold watch and chain from the labor movement!

Every one of us is unconsciously influenced by the class of people he associates with. It is always hard to understand the viewpoint of someone we don't know.

Last November both the President of the American Federation of Labor and the President of the C.I.O. died of heart attacks. What impelled these men to champion the cause of labor with their lives?



It was their experience in mining coal. Philip Murray began working in the mines at ten years of age as a breaker boy. He received only eighty cents a day in pay.

When he was eighteen years of age, a weighmaster at the coal mine where he was working tried to cheat him. Phil Murray refused to accept this injustice and was fired. The result was that six hundred miners followed him out of the mine. In this strike the miners lost. They stayed out four weeks and then the pressure of the hunger of children and wives forced them back. The strike was broken and Murray was escorted to a train by two armed deputy sheriffs and told never to return.

Injustice had won the first battle but lost the war. For this experience catapulted Murray into the organized labor movement. At the age of twenty-nine, he was already President of District Five of the United Mine Workers of America. In 1936, he organized the steel industry, in which the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week had been prevalent not so

(Continued on page 28.)

Christians lead labor's rank and file in a growing movement throughout the country to have a specific time set aside for worship services in factories, stores and offices. Here, the workers in a Houston, Texas, rubber plant attend a noontime devotional.

—RNS





HAMID

the

Egyptian Boy

by Jean Wyatt

*Long ago in a land that is
far away, children had
strange names and wore
strange clothes. But perhaps
in other ways they were
just like you!*

HAMID gulped his bowl of goat's milk eagerly. It had been a good breakfast of wheat bread and dates.

"Hasten, Son," his mother urged, "for now it is time to go to the House of Books."

Hamid nodded and watched his mother shape the little sweet cakes, so that they might be ready to bake in the outdoor oven before the sun grew too hot.

At this moment Hamid's sister Susu ran into the room. "Play with me in the garden, Hamid!" she coaxed.

Hamid smiled and shook his head. "Before the evening meal," he promised her, "for now I go to the House of Books to learn my lessons."

Then he hustled off to the school in Egypt. Hamid, you see, was an Egyptian boy who lived in that country many years ago with his father and mother and sister.

Soon Hamid caught sight of a boy his own age. He called loudly, "Ishak! Wait for me!"

In the House of Books, Hamid rubbed his slate clean and drew the picture of a bird. He was learning to write, and instead of writing the word B-I-R-D with letters, the boy drew a picture of a bird.

After a time Hamid's slate was filled with pictures which he looked at proudly, for they told him many things.

Ishak, who shared a bench with him, talked softly, "Hamid, let us go to the river after lessons and watch the men load the blocks of granite into the barges." Hamid grinned.

From the House of Books the boys wandered to the river Nile.

"I cannot watch the men too long, Ishak!" said Hamid.

Ishak looked at his friend in surprise, and Hamid chuckled. "The sweet grass which grows on the bank of the Nile is right for plucking, and I have need of some," he explained.

On his way home, Hamid thought, "I'll hide the grass in the goat shelter at the rear of the garden, so that little Susu shall not become curious."

Susu greeted him happily when he entered the house. "It is lonely when you are away," she

said shyly. "Now will you play with me, Hamid?"

Hamid called first to his mother, who was busy at the outdoor oven, turning the plump goose for their evening meal.

"Many pictures I drew today, my mother!"

The mother smiled with pride as Hamid and Susu began their games. Hamid was the first to stop playing.

"Let us rest, Susu, for the sun will be leaving us, and the weeds in the garden must be pulled. Our father is too weary to do this task after a day's work on the barges."

"I'll help you," offered his sister. "It is fun with you, Hamid."

In the morning of the next day, Hamid helped his mother build a fire for the morning's baking, and then hurried off to the House of Books.

After lessons, he hustled home again and stole into the little goat shelter, without Susu seeing him. There he removed a piece of soft leather which his mother had left over from making sandals. Hamid stuffed the grass and the leather beneath his tunic.

Ishak was with him when he went to the river again. Hamid flung himself upon the bank and took from his belt a small, rough instrument shaped like a knife.

"Hold the leather firmly, please, Ishak," he said, "while I cut long thin strips. Then I shall lace two round pieces of leather together with them." Ishak helped his friend thread the leather thongs through the tiny holes around the edges of the leather circles.

Now Hamid stuffed the grass into the cavity left by a tiny opening and filled it tightly. Then he smoothed it into a rounded shape. He laced the remainder of the few holes together. With ends firmly fastened, Hamid held it up for inspection.

"It is indeed a fine plaything for Susu," declared Ishak in admiration.

(Continued on page 31.)



The Private Life of a Good Neighbor

By Elizabeth C. Gardner
*Curriculum writer in the children's
field, the United Church of Canada*

*The best way to have a good neighbor is to be one.
And here's a how-to-do-it article that really tells how*

BOB AND ELLEN Thompson had lived in an upstairs apartment ever since they were married. It had been convenient enough before Joan was born, and their downstairs neighbors, who were the owners of the building, had been quite friendly. But apparently they had not counted on the Thompsons having a family, and were not prepared to adapt themselves to this situation. They complained at every sound the baby made, and at the frequent washings on the line. The Thompsons realized that often people who had already brought up a family, did not want to be bothered with children; so they did everything they could to keep causes of annoyance at a minimum. But as Joan grew older, the complaints grew louder.

"We can't bring up a family where children are so unwelcome," Bob and Ellen decided. So they bought a lot in a new development, and prepared to build a home of their own. But all the details of financing and promoting any building project take time, and before the new house was ready to be occupied, Joan's baby brother had arrived. This made it necessary for the family to move into their own home without waiting for it to be finished, but in spite of

the confusion of painting and carpentering, they were glad to be there.

There was much for Bob and Ellen to do in getting settled, and much to think about. All around them were new homes, just a little older than their own. Most of their neighbors were young, like themselves, with small children, and equally concerned with the problems of home-making. But there were a few older couples whose families had grown up, who had moved to this new community to enjoy the comfort and convenience of a modern home. The Thompsons' experience in the apartment had helped them to realize how much their happiness would depend upon friendly relations with their neighbors, and they were determined to be the kind of neighbors they themselves would like to have.

"We must fence in the back yard so that Joan will have a place to play," said Ellen. "Then we won't have to worry about her running over the neighbors' lawns and gardens."

"We must make a lawn and

garden of our own in front," Bob answered. "The neighbors who came here first have made this an attractive street, and we want to help to keep it that way."

"That's what I told Mrs. Brown, who has the lovely garden across the road," Ellen said. "She offered to give me some plants."

The Thompsons made sure of the property regulations before starting to put up a fence. They observed the fences their neighbors had put up and welcomed suggestions as to the type that would prove most suitable. As soon as the ground in front of their house could be leveled, they prepared to make a lawn. Mrs. Brown sent over some plants for their garden, and they were careful to follow her directions for putting them in.

Meanwhile, Joan was enjoying the freedom of a house where there was no need to be reminded that there were neighbors below. There were other children for her to play with, and Bob built a sandbox in the back yard so that they would like to come and play there. On rainy days, Ellen would phone to a neighbor who had three small children and not much space for



them to play indoors. "Send one of them over here," she would say. "Then you will only have two to look after, and Joan will have someone to play with."

Joan's baby brother was still too small to play with the other children, but he would watch them happily from his play pen. Sometimes Ellen would put the play pen out on the front lawn, and the

(Continued on page 30.)



*Pansies, gladiolas, scabiosas, cards, a pudding,
or just a note—anything that helps a hapless friend,
helps the giver even more*

Twinkling Stars

Against a Gloomy Sky

By NANCY BREWER

YESTERDAY I ran into Carolyn in the five-and-ten-cent store. She wore last summer's hat brightened by a few flowers fastened gracefully to the brim, and white gloves worn at the finger tips. But she was unaware of these as she shopped happily at the card counter.

"The salesgirl telephoned me yesterday that they were putting out a line of new cards today," she told me. "And they are beautiful—the most beautiful I have ever seen. Just look at this 'get well' card! It's going right out to old Mrs. Rudy in this afternoon's mail."

Old Mrs. Rudy, a pensioner, has been in the hospital several months. Each day, the nurse told me, she looks through the cards she has received since she was sent to the hospital. The nurse said this part of her daily program is better than any tonic the doctor has found for her.

"And do you know a Carolyn B.?" the nurse asked. "Fully half of the cards are from her. They're very clever cards, fitting Mrs. Rudy as if they were bought for her. How she does love them!"

Yes, I know Carolyn and her cards. I myself have received many of them—the last a few weeks ago when our George went to an Army camp in Texas. My cards, like Mrs. Rudy's, seem 'just bought for me.' The little verses written on them in Carolyn's handwriting were done for me. And they have brought me joy, comfort and inspiration on days I needed them most.

Carolyn told me one day, "I can't afford flowers for my friends. But I can afford cards. I do love to shop for cards. Why, most of them seem to have been made for me and my friends! Now isn't that grand for me!"

On another day when Carolyn had mailed a card to a woman who had spoken sharp words to her at our society meeting, I said, "I think you are a noble soul to send that card."

"Why, I couldn't afford not to send it," she returned. "I couldn't stand feeling I had not done the little I can to help her in this time of sorrow. It was such a cheery, little card—just seemed like it was written for her. She is sorry she snapped at me. I know, for I've done the same thing when I've been worried."

LEETHA has a small yard back of her tiny cottage. Each spring, she plants myriads of flower seeds, there. Each summer and autumn, she carries gorgeous bouquets to people

who need flowers for, like Carolyn's cards, they bring comfort, inspiration, and happiness.

One day, I stopped to chat with Leetha, who was working in her flower garden, pulling weeds and cultivating the soil with loving fingers. She called my attention to a row of sturdy plants. "They are hybrid scabiosas," she told me. "I'm trying them for the first time. Before arthritis crippled her, Sally Morrison grew scabiosas. She gets hungry for them, so I planted this row for her."

The pansies Leetha grows are for the nurse at the orphanage in our town, who loves pansies because their faces, like children's, seem to smile at her when she's very, very tired and forgets to be as patient as she should. Then she remembers and is kind.

And, I think, the gladiolas are grown for me. At least I always get several stalks of them each summer. And once when I was to speak at a club meeting, Leetha made me a beautiful corsage of two orchid-colored ones. Truly, they were an inspiration to me that day, for I had just learned about the murmur in my tiny granddaughter's heart. I don't think I could have spoken without them.

"Flowers just seem to grow beautifully when planted for my friends," Leetha often says.

WHEN we were children, our minister father and frail little mother often took us into a big woods for family picnics. Mother tried to keep us within her sight. An overpowering fear that one of us might get lost seemed to grip her the minute we reached the woods.

Then, one day, Ruth, who was just eight years old, and I, three years her junior, did get lost. We didn't realize we were out of mother's sight until the underbrush and tree trunks, so close together, seemed to be pressing in on us. We thought we were going back to the rest of the family; instead we were traveling farther and farther away. We went in one direction and then in another. We stopped and finally admitted that we truly were lost.

I wept quietly, but Ruth was resourceful. We decided to try to work our way back by going in another direction. And if anyone happened to cross our path, we'd leave signs to say we'd been there.

Ruth's first thought was that we could tear up our white petticoats and leave strips of them on the bushes as we passed. Before we had started tearing the garments, a more brilliant idea came to her mind.

"The boys wouldn't even notice strips of petticoat cloth," she said. "But they would beads, for they're always hunting

Indian beads in this woods. We'll use my red ones, for they know them."

She took her dearly beloved beads from around her neck, broke the string holding them, and then, as we journeyed in a direction she thought led toward a clearing in the woods, we dropped beads in the path we had taken.

Father was the hunter who noticed the first red bead. "Ruthie's beads!" he cried. "Come on now. Hunt for another one, and we'll know the direction to take."

The red beads led him to the tree under which two very weary and frightened little girls were resting and weeping. On the way, he had remarked to our two older brothers, "Ruth's red beads, to me, are like twinkling stars against a gloomy sky."

Often, I've felt that way about the cards Carolyn has sent me. I know that she has selected each one for me to help me find a path out of my sorrow or worries. The same feeling comes when I receive some of Leetha's flowers. "Grown especially for me when I need them most," I tell myself.

Again, I remember Father's words when someone I know is ill or troubled. I know they need a note of understanding from me. And looking back into memory land, I try to make them as beautiful and inspirational as were the red beads which Father called "twinkling stars against a gloomy sky."

In my own home, I find often some of the people I love, in need of special comfort and inspiration—my husband, my children, the Negro woman who for many long years has helped me make and keep that home comfortable. The heart-break in a face, the film over eyes usually bright, quivering lips, the uneasy walk are eloquent pleas for that help, which I know must not be given in words but in ways which will be "twinkling stars against a gloomy sky."

A tiny pot of flowers for the window in her room, an apron with a gay, little ruffle, a card, mailed from the post office downtown—how much joy these do bring to my helper! A stamp for his collection, obtained by calling some friend who gets overseas mail, a few cupcakes finished with the deep chocolate icing he terms his favorite—these always raise the spirits of my youngest son after he has failed to make the first team at our junior high school. A gay little note, written on the prettiest stationery I can find and left on the dressers in their rooms, are to my daughters like "twinkling stars against a gloomy sky."

Today, we are all living against changing skies. The tragedy of again sending our boys to battle; the soaring cost of living, especially hard on our middle-class families with children; the fear aroused by our programs for protection against bombs are striking the majority of our homes.

The greatest tragedy to me, it seems, is that these fears and worries are making us forget to do the little things which now mean more than ever before. Especially is it tragic when we fail to do them for children, who tomorrow will be our citizens. Let them not miss the tender things we prized so much in our youth.

After I have met Carolyn, who so joyously shops for cards that will bring joy and show love to special friends, or after I have watched Leetha grow flowers for people who need them—panies for the orphanage nurse, scabiosi for a woman who could no longer grow them herself, I myself am very aware that I, like them, must leave "twinkling stars against a gloomy sky."

Then, I bring down from the garret the worn table and dishes my own "little girls" loved so long ago, and give a tea party for the little girls across the alley whose mother has to work to "help out" in supporting the family. Next, I start crocheting pink booties for the young wife who is afraid her husband will not get back from Korea for the hour when she will need him so badly.

For I realize that these twinkling stars are very small things, very kind words, very gay songs, and yet they can light up a gloomy sky so that the darkness leaves.

Today is the time when we must remember to be generous with them—these "twinkling stars." For one of our calls from Christ himself is to help light up the world's gloomy skies.

YOUR VACATION SCRAPBOOK

WHAT ARE YOU planning to do with all those road maps, postcards, menus, photographs, and colored drinking straws that you brought home from your vacation?

The snapshots never look good on white paper. Either they curl up, or the paper does! But, on the other hand, how are you going to write out those little notes on fuzzy black photo paper?

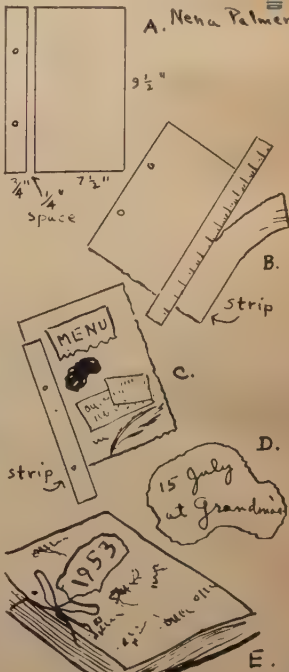
So—make your own book! You can cover an old looseleaf cover with a road map or a piece of cloth, and shellac it. Or you can make one from heavy cardboard, using two pieces for each side, as shown in Fig. A. When the four pieces are cut, place one large and one small piece a quarter-inch apart, as indicated in A, and glue a strip of muslin along this space on both sides. This will make the book open easily, yet keep the board from breaking. Punch the holes. Now cover the cardboard with a map, bright calico, or whatever you like. Give it a coat of shellac.

Get a package of variegated colored construction paper and cut or rip it. If you are using an old notebook, you can use the white paper that fits it as a guide. If you have made the cover, cut the paper a half-inch less each way (see A and B). To get an artistic edge, rip the side and bottom of the paper, as in Fig. B, along a metal-edged ruler. Besides the colored pages, you will want a few smooth white ones to write travel notes on.

Now assemble your book, pasting in everything you have gathered. Any bright napkins, menus, etc., will look best on the dark pages, and newspaper clippings, timetables, etc., will look best on the bright reds and greens. Mount all the photographs on black pages with corners, just as you do in your album. In front of each page, put one or two strips of the same color (from the strips you tore off in Fig. B), one inch wide and as long as the page. This allows for the material you have pasted in, and keeps the book from bulging.

Any date, place, or comment you want to add to a colored page may first be written on a contrasting colored scrap. Then tear it with your fingers roughly around the writing, and paste this in the center of the page (Fig. D). This is both different and fun!

When finished, fasten your book with cotton or wool yarn, as in Fig. E. You'll enjoy it yourself, and so will your friends!



By NENA PALMER

"It's so nice to have a man around the house"

When It's House Cleaning Time

FROM THE CLEANLINESS BUREAU

TIME was when the men of the house never deigned to help with shopping, children-tending, and cleaning chores. Then came the Switch.

This fall, with millions of screens and awnings to be cleaned and stored, storm windows and doors to be installed, and porch rugs to be scrubbed and rolled, the menfolk—and boys—will be out in force. But they'll probably need considerable encouragement to tackle the job, and some tips to help in turning out professional results.

Wait for a day that's clear and sunny for rapid drying; choose a flat, smooth, clean spot like the back lawn, a flag terrace, or wide sidewalk, where water does no harm. Then, assemble all the required tools before starting—pail, brushes, sponge, utility cloths, soap, hose, and ladder.

Awnings should be washed before storage, as dirt helps to tenderize fibers and encourages mildew. It is best to wash canvas awnings right on the frame. The easiest method is to hose each one off with water, and scrub it with a soft brush and stiff soapsuds. Rinse immediately with the hose. Dry thoroughly before storing. Incidentally, the same method goes for canvas or duck umbrellas.

If your home is equipped with aluminum awnings, those of enamelled metal, or the new translucent glass fiber ones, the task is easier. Just give the top and underside a soap-and-water swabbing, followed by a rinse with clean water.

Screens, too, need a shower bath at the end of summer to remove accumulated dirt. Removable ones should be taken down, the wire cloth scrubbed with a fiber brush and soapsuds, and the frame wiped well with a soapy cloth. Flush with the garden hose, if the job is done outdoors, or with a spray in the wash-tub. Use plenty of elbow grease along with the soapsuds to remove any "drip" from screening. Screens—copper, bronze, aluminum, plastic—should always be cleaned in this fashion and thoroughly dried before being stored for the winter.

A little foresight now will make it easy to replace screens next year: Gather screws, hooks, and other attachments in a paper bag and tie on each unit. Mark each one for easy identification. Numbered thumb tacks can be had in pairs. Put one on the screen, the other on the door or window casing from which it was removed.

Store screens in any dry place where they can't be accidentally damaged. One good method is to build a simple rack hung from the basement ceiling or

attic rafters. Then they'll be out of harm's way, yet quickly available when needed.

For tension screens, use the same brush-lather-scrub-rinse method, or toss them into a tubful of suds for washing. Allow such screens to dry before they're rolled or stacked for storage. Don't neglect window-frame side-guides; dust gathers there and must be washed out.

When it's time to replace screens by storm windows and doors, reverse the process; even if they were put away clean in the spring, the light dust that has gathered over the summer must be washed from frames, and panes should be made shining clean before "putting up."

Part of outdoor housecleaning is to care for fiber porch and terrace rugs. Vacuum or sweep both sides. Shampoo the rug lightly with thick "dry" soapsuds off the top of the pail. Working on a small area at a time, follow the suds by wiping with a clean damp cloth; repeat on another section until the entire surface has been washed on both sides. Avoid saturating wetness, and be sure the rug dries well; small ones can be flung over a clothesline.

Want to "beat the Dutch" for cleanliness? Maybe one of your famous chocolate cakes for scrub-day lunch will induce your boys—senior and junior—to finish up the job by washing doormats and mailboxes.



Strong arms, a fiber brush, a stiff suds, a good rinse and thorough drying . . . and screens are ready for winter storage.



Cleaning an awning is almost a two-man job, but the scrubbing is easy when the awning's taut and the workers are relaxed.

Suds-scrub a fiber rug, a section at a time, and work quickly to avoid saturating the rug.



Family Counselor

Sybil's boy friend is losing his chance for a beautiful bride. And it is chiefly because of one of those traits about which even your best friend will not tell you.

Sybil M., aged 22, sings in the choir of a large city church in Portland, Oregon. "Dr. Crane, we have a marvelous choir director, but he has one bad trait," she protested. "He has a severe case of halitosis! Maybe it is because of his dry throat, for I've noticed that it is much worse after we have finished our numbers.

"The past three months he has been dating me. I feel happy in his company, except for his bad breath. But it is actually so strong that I can't bear to kiss him. How can I get this idea across to him, for I don't want to offend his pride? As you know, that's one of those things even your best friend won't tell you."

HALITOSIS

Halitosis, or foul breath, afflicts millions of people. It is especially prevalent among singers and public speakers, for the prolonged use of the throat seems to aggravate the condition. Elderly people, too, are prone to have foul breath, due to a condition of the mucous membranes of the nose, called *ozena*. The latter may possibly be related to low fluid intake.

At any rate, in twenty-five years of happy married life, I have never noticed halitosis in my wife except the first time she launched on my ten-day low-fluid diet. She also used a certain drug that further dries up the mucous membranes.

Then, and only then in twenty-five years, did she ever have any sign of halitosis (except for her fondness for onions, which I don't technically count).

So I think limited fluid intake may predispose to foul breath. Singers and public speakers become dehydrated after a heavy program, too, a condition which may explain the increased halitosis of this choir director.

HALITOSIS ANTIDOTES

Here are some antidotes for halitosis: Brush your teeth regularly, and also include your tongue. Scrub the surface of your tongue with toothpaste as a part of your tooth-brushing ritual, for it is often coated, especially in the morning.

Avoid onions, garlic, etc., unless you can persuade your escort to

sample the same. Then you are O.K. for we seldom can detect our own halitosis. Mrs. Crane thus coaxes me to nibble on a tiny sliver of raw onion so she can eat them without an inferiority complex!

When you are out in company, drink plenty of water, milk or other wholesome fluids. Liquor is NOT a wholesome fluid.

Finally, make it a habit to carry candy Lifesavers or candy-coated gum, and slip a little piece into your mouth at the conclusion of the church service or movie, etc. You don't need to chew it long. Just enough to offset your possible halitosis. Then you can swallow your bit of gum. (It doesn't hurt you to do so.) If you are a singer or speaker, or past 35, never mingle with people without flavoring your breath with gum or mints! Carry them in your coat pocket or purse constantly.

Hints for Happy Homes

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

Never reply with a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Beware of the first disagreement.

Learn to govern yourself, and to be gentle and patient.

Guard your temper, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and soften it by prayer and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers. Study the character of each member of the family, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.

Avoid moods and fits of sulkiness.

Never conceive a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

Be gentle and firm with children.

Do not say anything in their hearing which you do not wish them to repeat.

Beware of correcting them in an angry manner.

ESTELLE FINNEGAN



Books for the Hearth Side

FOR ADULTS

Of books written by travelers abroad there will apparently be no end; and it's a good thing. Here is one—**What I Saw in Europe**, by Victoria Booth Demarest (Vantage Press, Inc., 1953. 160 pages; \$2.75)—which helps you see the Continent through the eyes of a woman with a Christian conscience. She reports what people of all types told her about their feelings for and against America. Her report makes disturbing reading that should challenge Christians to help meet the Communist menace, not by force of arms, but by the power of a greater idea.

The author is a Congregational minister who has been a contributor to HEARTHSTONE.

♦ ♦ ♦

"How is your ticker today?" is frequently used as a greeting between friends. Though spoken facetiously, the question contains an undercurrent of uneasiness. The specter of heart trouble is widespread, for everyone knows it is the leading cause of additions to the daily obituary columns of our newspapers. Now comes a book that will help take some of the fear out of heart disease and heart attacks. A distinguished heart specialist, Dr. Emanuel Goldberger, has written **Helping Your Heart** (Longmans, Green and Co., 1953. 240 pages; \$3.75) to give practical information to all of us about our hearts. The book is written in sprightly fashion, as some of the following titles indicate: "Ticker Trouble," "Heart-aches and Heartburn," "It's Not Your Age, It's Your Arteries," "Dietary Duffers," "When You Smoke, You Play With Fire." This sprightliness, however, does not mean that the author does not write with knowledge and authority. Here is a good, sensible book for every person to read, at least all adults, and especially all adults over forty.

♦ ♦ ♦

A unique devotional book is **Whom God Hath Joined**, by David R. Mace (Westminster Press, 1953. Price, \$1.50, 94 pages). The author has prepared it for use by young married couples early in their married life. It not only helps them to establish a pattern of devotional life, but does so on the basis of their new relationship as man and wife. A Scripture reading and a prayer are a part of each devotional section.

Meditations for the first week deal with the purpose and nature of marriage, and set forth the concept of the divine institution. Those for the second week give frank consideration to the intimacies of the marriage relation, still maintaining the devotional note. During the third week the elements of marriage that are other than physical and "romantic" are discussed. The wider implications of marriage, relationships with others outside the immediate family circle, are stressed in the devotional outlines for the fourth week. Here is a book every young married couple would profit greatly by using together.

We hear so much about so many marriages that break up. It is good to read the stories of several that could have broken up but didn't. **Making Good as Young Couples**, by T. Otto Nall and Bert H. Davis (Association Press, 1953. 110 pages; \$2.00), presents a series of interviews with seventeen young couples who faced typical problems which have broken other homes, but which they were successful in solving. Young couples who are having tensions in their relationships that seem headed for real trouble, pastors and counselors who deal with such couples, and all who are interested in making home life a more rocklike foundation for individual happiness and national security, should read this little book.

♦ ♦ ♦

"Ozark Memories" is the theme of **The Mockingbird Piano**, by Jean Bell Mosley (Westminster Press, 1953. 192 pages; \$3.00). It is the account of the author's childhood and growing-up time in the famed Missouri hills, and is full of captivating incidents that will bring many a chuckle to the reader. Read in the family group, it should help growing children to see more clearly what home life was like in the years B.T. (Before Television). But, of course, this is not a picture of typical home life; it is a portrait of Ozark home life. Not many of us have Old Betsy, the prolific pig, or Bill, the mulish mule, or Jethro, the hunting hound with the bugle voice, or the mockingbird piano in our memories. Give your family out-loud-reading-hour a treat.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Stories of the West are always popular, so **Sierra Quest**, by Earl S. Coleman (Longmans, Green, and Co., 1953. 200 pages; \$2.75) will be no exception. The locale of this novel for youth is in the high Sierra country and related areas. The adventures of two boys setting out to find a lost doctor whose plane was forced down in the mountains, make up the content of the book. Finding the doctor is only half of the problem; getting him out safely and claiming the reward offered for locating his plane is the other half. What Mace Donnegan means to do with the reward is also a very important part of the story. The author, raised in the country about which he writes, knows the "ropes" and writes with authority.

♦ ♦ ♦

At last the baseball umpires have their innings! Books about the great heroes of the great American game are numerous, but **Mr. Ump**, by Babe Pinelli as told to Joe King (Westminster Press, 1953. 184 pages; \$2.50), gives us the inside dope on the umpiring end of the business. It has been said many times that "nobody loves an umpire." This book may not cause any change in that attitude, but it will help the reader to see how human the umpire is, after all. Babe Pinelli himself may have said at one time or another that he had no love for the so-called "blind Toms." For he was a professional ball player for ten years, a player with a record for a hair-trigger temper. When he quit playing at the peak of his career, he had to conquer his temper before he could become a good umpire. Most players today will probably admit, "As umpires go, Babe is a good ump." Here is his story all the way from the San Francisco earthquake and sandlots to big-time baseball.

♦ ♦ ♦

Are you looking for something to read together as a family? Then get a copy of **Stories to Grow By**, edited by J. Edward Lantz (Association Press, 1953. 198 pages; \$2.95). Here are thirteen short stories selected from a number of leading magazines and written by outstanding authors. They are the kind of stories that give a real lift of inspiration and are without the questionable tone of so much modern literature. They are selected for the most part with young people in mind, but adults will also find them enjoyable. They are stories of persons who try to live their lives by moral and religious ideals but they are not of the "goody-goody" or namby-pamby type. This is the third book of this kind assembled by Mr. Lantz.

On Labor Day, plan to have this . . .

Pot and Pan Party

By Loie Brandom

WHAT BETTER WAY can be found to celebrate Labor Day than by having a jolly free-from-work party!

When you invite your friends, ask them to wear old clothes, for this party may be either an out-of-doors or indoors affair, according to the whims of the weatherman.

Decorations should consist of articles suggestive of labor or industry of some kind. For example, bales of hay or straw may be used for seats, especially if the party can be held on the lawn. Cornstalks may be used to decorate the yard or the corners of a room. Bouquets of garden vegetables, celery, carrot tops, etc., as well as pots and pans, rakes and spades, make appropriate decorations.

Zoo's Who may be played while the guests are arriving, and late-comers can join the fun without causing a disturbance. A zoo keeper is chosen to look after the animals which the players represent. The animals are all lined up in a row, while the zoo keeper stands about twenty feet in front of them with his back toward them. He then starts counting from one to five. The animals may move forward during the counting, all the time uttering the sounds made by the animals they represent. Any time after the count of five is reached, the zoo keeper may turn around quickly and, if he discovers anyone moving in any way or making a noise, that one must go back to the starting line and begin again. In this manner the game proceeds, the winner being the first player to reach the line on which the zoo keeper is standing. This game can be made very amusing, as the periods for moving forward are of such short duration.

Unscramble the Tools is a more quiet and restful game, and should follow the active one just played. Distribute pencils and paper on which the following scrambled words have been written. (1) nap; (2) desap; (3) likself; (4) eoh; (5) teletk; (6) mobro; (7) wolp; (8) ganow; (9) kare; (10) noops. The correct answers of course are: (1) pan;

(2) spade; (3) skillet; (4) hoe; (5) kettle; (6) broom; (7) plow; (8) wagon; (9) rake; (10) spoon. A set of toy garden tools, or doll's kitchen utensils make an appropriate prize for the winner of this contest.

Tool Box. For this exciting relay race use two bushel baskets to hold the tools, pots and pans. And in each basket have exactly the same kind and number of tools. Divide the players into two groups of equal size, each group having as many members as there are tools in each basket, and line them up behind the starting tape. The baskets are placed at the opposite end of the room, or if the party is on the lawn, about twenty feet from the starting line. Someone not on either team is chosen to be the judge. The leaders (or first man in each line) are handed a list of the tools to be found in each of the baskets. At the word GO, spoken by the judge, the leaders rush to their respective baskets and secure the objects first on their list. This may take a little extra time for that particular item may be at the bottom of the basket with other objects on top. When a player finds the correct object, he runs back and hands the list to the second man on his team, who races forward to find the second item on his slip of paper. The team wins whose last man is first to secure the last article on his list and return to his original place.

A Jarring Contest. In this race the contestants work in pairs. Line the boys up on one side and the girls on the other. The girls start numbering one, two, three, etc., from one end of the line, while the boys number, starting at the opposite end of their row. Those with the same numbers form pairs. Thus the girl at the head of her line would be a partner of the boy at the opposite end of the boys' line.

Ears of corn, as nearly the same size as possible, are handed to the boys, while each girl receives an empty quart jar. At a given signal, each boy starts shelling the corn into the jar of his partner. If any kernels should miss the jar, they must be recovered and placed in the jar. The winning pair is the couple who first get all their corn kernels safely into their jar.

A Watermelon Eating Contest is great sport and can scarcely be classed as a labor project. Divide the guests into two groups of equal size, and then each group determines which four members will act as their contestants. When the four from each group are lined up back of the starting tape, they should be about fifteen feet from two tables on which are placed plates holding wedges of watermelon, all pieces being as nearly the same size as it is possible to cut them, and not too large. At a pre-arranged signal, the first contestant in each line runs to that team's table, secures and eats a wedge of melon until all the pink has disappeared. These first runners then race back to touch off the number two melon-eater on their respective teams, and so on until the last man in one line again reaches his original place ahead of the other team's last man, thus winning for his group.

Refreshments. Have a "laborer's" lunch, consisting of sandwiches, pickles, potato chips and fresh fruits and cookies served in paper sacks or bakery boxes, with plenty of iced tea or lemonade. So get your friends together for a party of this kind and you'll find they will be staying longer than you had expected.

SEPTEMBER

7

MONDAY

Today the first small tendrils turn
Away from the reluctant vine;
Today, against my will I learn
He cannot be completely mine.

And though I'm proud to have it so,
Regret must mingle with that pride
As through a mist I watch him go
Into a world as yet untried.

How fleetly fled the baby years!
And now has come the siren call.
What are the hopes—perhaps the fears—
Of one so sturdy, yet so small?

I shall not argue if you say
I'm just a sentimental fool;
You'll understand, yourself, some day—
The day your baby goes to school!

ROWENA CHENEY

The Christian and the Labor Movement

(Continued from page 19.)

many years before. By the end of 1937, he had unionized six hundred steel companies, representing 75% of the industry. Phil Murray was a Catholic layman who tried to express his religion, in part, through his work in labor unions.

Now turn to the life of William Green. Here again we find him, at the age of sixteen, working side by side with his father in a coal mine. He, too, became convinced of the necessity of unionization by the exploitation of the owners. What crystallized this in his mind was the fact that he was not paid for *all* the coal he mined but only for the lumps which were large enough to slide over a two-inch screen. Later on, after he had become an official in the United Mine Workers, he was elected to the Ohio State Senate and introduced a bill, which was enacted into law, ending this abuse. William Green was a Baptist layman working to better conditions for the laboring man.

Now, why don't more Christian church members join the labor movement or even get to know the leaders of organized labor? One reason is that we do not experience the injustice *in our own lives*.

Sociology teaches us that we stand in danger of having a class church in America. Everyone tends to take over the psychologic outlook of those with whom he usually associates. One of the gravest dangers confronting the church in America is due to its success. It has won money, position, and the proper-tied classes. They radiate an optimistic faith in current conventional standards, and many ministers, without realizing

the process, tend to think and feel with his middle or upper class parishoners on these matters. What is true of the ministers is even more true of the average layman. He is so engrossed in the immediate interests of his profession, that he can give scant attention to the needs of labor. Is it not true that the average Christian layman has too often failed to sense the full measure of his responsibility to those whose labor has made possible his very success? How many of them have really become acquainted with labor leaders, attended union meetings, and asked what they could do to be a friend to labor?

If we are ministers, we must redouble our efforts to help organized labor. If we are employers, we must organize our business so that it is an educational enterprise which shall stimulate first the understanding and then the intelligent participation of every employee, in the conduct of the enterprise. We can make sure that wherever we use labor, we lean over backwards to be fair.

Outgrowing Your Childishness

(Continued from page 8.)

maturity involves the development, not only of adult emotions, but of adult habits of controlling them. We must remember especially that we may be adult in body and mind, but a child emotionally.

In our short study, we have considered six factors in emotional maturity:

1. *When Things Go Wrong.* In essence this is the ability to endure uncertainty, disappointment, and hardship without losing courage, surrendering to despair or giving way to self-pity.

2. *Getting One's Way.* This involves the ability to "take it." It is the ability to face unpleasant reality, to stand on one's own feet, to take the blame for one's mistakes.

3. *Getting and Holding Attention.* Every normal person has a healthy-minded ambition to grow up, but sometimes, because of a false sense of inferiority, we want to "let loose" to attract attention to ourselves.

4. *The Green-eyed Monster.* Jealousy and envy always reflect a bad mental attitude. If we would be happy and well adjusted, we cannot afford to have them around.

5. *"This Is Mine."* Selfishness is in essence self-centeredness. Maturity comes as we forget ourselves and consider others.

6. *Learning to Wait.* This is the ability to postpone a pleasure. Here is the basic quality in Christian character, a foundation stone of maturity.

Personality is a matter of growth. It develops slowly. In a sense it may be compared to a tree that grows quietly through the years, slowly gaining strength, and eventually becoming a fruit-bearing, productive part of the orchard. There is an important difference, however. You have a control over your development that no tree has over its growth. It must be what it is, but as a human being you can direct your growth. You can change its course. You can be the best that you want to be. It takes time, patience, hard work, courage. But *it can be done!* That is, if along with your physical and mental growth, *you outgrow your childishness.*

Children Are FUN!

A little boy caught suspiciously eyeing a plate of cookies was asked, "Did you take any?"

"No," he replied, "that would be stealing. I just licked 'em."

Little Douglas, age 8, was told that he was an uncle and trying to hunt up some excuse so he could stay at home, he said, "How can an uncle go to school?"

A little boy called down to this mother, "I've finished washing. What shirt shall I put on?"

"Pick a short-sleeved one," she replied.

"I can't," he revealed, "I just washed for long sleeves."

Little Johnny, who disliked the crust of pie and always scooped out the filling for eating, said to his mother at a friend's dinner table, "Mom, do I have to eat the cardboard?"

—FRANCES BROWN

Golden Rule Does It

(Continued from page 6.)

walk and I prayed I'd be able to say something to help Dick.

"Hello, Sophia," she said crisply. "Nice day, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed it is," I answered, getting up and pulling the chair forward for her.

She sat down gingerly so as not to wrinkle her neat navy blue suit which had white starched cuffs and collar. At forty-two, Brenda Yates was a very good-looking woman with only a slight trace of gray in her shining black hair.

"Whose turn is it to take the prize for crocheting at the county fair?" she asked.

That was a standing joke between us. For years we'd been taking turns winning first prize. "It must be yours," I answered, laughing.

"I guess you know I'm in charge of the church auxiliary's booth this year," she said. "I hope we make enough money to buy an iron lung for the hospital. It needs one so badly."

I nodded. Every year the churches and the clubs put up booths outside the fairgrounds and sold coffee and sandwiches to earn money for their charity projects.

Silence sprang up between us, and then a car drove into the station. I could hear the door slam as Dick went out to wait on them. She watched him, frowning a little, and I knew she was going to ask about him.

"Is Dick a good assistant?" she asked.

"Pop likes him," I answered. "He works very hard."

"He certainly keeps the girls out late at night," she said, frowning.

I didn't like that. She didn't understand Dick and it irritated me. I guess I answered more sharply than I intended. "He's a wonderful boy," I said emphatically. "He's studying accounting at night so he can run his own filling station someday."

"Well, of course, Sophia, you're prejudiced," she said. "Not that it matters much, but where did he come from?"

Not that it matters much. Indeed! That did make me mad and before I thought, I blurted out, "He came from a farm exactly the same as you, Brenda Yates. Is there anything wrong in that?"

She got to her feet. "Sorry I offended you, Sophia," she said. Then closing her mouth tight like a clam, she walked off without another word. I was almost in tears. I hadn't helped the children a bit. If I'd done anything, I'd only made matters worse.

Dick came running up to the porch after her car pulled away. "Did you fix it for me, Mom?" he asked eagerly.

I pulled my handkerchief out of my

pocket and dabbed at my eyes. "No, Dick," I choked. "There's only one person in all the world who can square you with Brenda Yates, and that one is yourself."

His shoulders sagged and the light faded from his eyes. Slowly, he turned around and went back to work.

THE NEXT day was the first day of the fair and also the day Dick delivered some tires to a customer. He was driving the truck and left just before three o'clock. While he was gone, it started to drizzle, turning into a steady downpour. After he'd been gone a long time, I began to worry. Supper was waiting and almost cold by the time he turned into the drive. He came through the door with a wonderful glow on his face and I knew then that something important had happened.

"Mom, guess what!" he gleefully shouted. "I finally made it."

"What on earth are you talking about?" I asked, wiping my hands dry on my apron.

"Sit down, Mom, and I'll tell you all about it."

I sat on the kitchen stool, completely bewildered.

"After I delivered the tires," he said, "I drove by the fairgrounds. The farmers were arriving with their livestock, and the women with their garden produce for the judging. People were putting up booths, and jockeys were busy exercising the horses before the races. Flagg's were flying, the Ferris wheel and merry-go-round were going full blast, and everything was getting under way. Then it began to sprinkle, and you should have seen them scurrying for shelter. As I turned the corner to come back, who should I see but Mrs. Yates!"

I nodded excitedly.

"She was in the auxiliary booth all by herself, frantically trying to cover up the food they were going to sell. There were stacks and stacks of buns for the hot dogs, and you know what happens to them when they get wet. She also had one of those great, black coffee-makers with a gas flame under it, and every time a drop of rain hit it, I could hear a hiss. The framework was there for the top of the booth, but the men hadn't come around to put the boards on top. Guess what I did."

"Heavens, I can't, Dick. Hurry up," I begged.

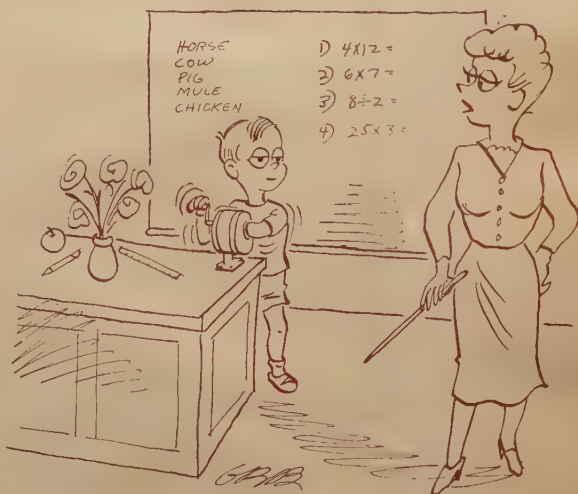
"Well, I got out that old tarpaulin that Pop uses to cover the truck at nights. I ran with it to the booth and

without even asking her, I began stretching it over the framework for the top.

"At first she just stared at me. Then she saw what I was doing and started helping. Once we got it up, it shed the rain perfectly, Mom. Well, when we got that done, the men who were working on the grounds started coming out. They were cold and were hunting for something hot. We started selling coffee and hot dogs right and left. We had all the trade because the other booths weren't ready yet.

"I'll bet I poured a hundred cups of coffee in fifteen minutes. Mrs. Yates was just as busy forking frankfurters out of the kettle and slapping them in the buns. We worked like demons, keeping up with the orders. Every once in a while we'd get in each other's way and we'd have to stop and laugh. Then we'd go on working. Finally, after all that, three of the ladies from the church arrived to relieve us. Guess what happened then, Mom. Mrs. Yates introduced me just as if I were an old friend. The ladies said they were proud of us, and when they counted the money, we had taken in two hundred dollars!"

"Mrs. Yates was so excited and happy, Mom. Right there in front of all of them, she asked me to their house



"Are you still sharpening that pencil?"

tomorrow night for dinner. Can you beat that? She likes me, Mom!"

WELL, ONLY yesterday Dick and Joan were married and they made a happy couple coming down the aisle of the church. When they get back from their honeymoon, Dick's going to open a filling station of his own at the other end of the town.

Now, I'm sitting on my front porch, watching the cars go by, thinking of Dick and his happiness. He could so easily have been provoked at Brenda. Instead, he kept his heart in the right place and when his chance finally came, he did a chivalrous deed, the only way he could have won such a victory.

The Private Life of a Good Neighbor (Continued from page 21.)

neighbors noticed how careful she was to move it if the sun was too strong. They noticed also that the baby was always dressed so as to be comfortably warm or cool, according to the weather. "I never have to worry about that baby," said a neighbor whose family had grown up. "His mother takes such good care of him that no one ever sees him cross or unhappy."

When Ellen took the baby for a walk in his carriage, she would stop to speak to other mothers. She knew that any mother is pleased when someone is interested in her baby, and that mothers in new communities are often lonely or a bit homesick for old friends. Soon Ellen knew most of the mothers who lived near her, and they were always glad when they met her out walking or shopping. When one of them admired a little coat she had made for Joan, Ellen offered to show her how to make one like it. When a mother who was just learning to knit became discouraged because the stitches kept dropping, Ellen invited her

to come and knit at her house.

There was a new baby in the house behind the Thompsons. Bob and Ellen remembered how happy they had been when Joan was born, and how much it would have meant if their neighbors had shared their happiness. They remembered all their worries, too, and how these had been aggravated by the complaints of the owner of their apartment. So Ellen was always ready to listen when the new mother called to her over the fence, and Bob would work in the back yard in the evening where the new father could talk to him. One evening, when Bob and Ellen were going out, they suddenly realized how long it was since the neighbors behind them had been out for an evening together.

"We're fortunate to have a good baby-sitter," Ellen said. "But I wouldn't have trusted anyone with Joan when she was as tiny as their baby."

"I believe they would trust you," Bob answered. "I could look after our youngsters while you were over there."

The young parents were delighted when Ellen offered to "baby-sit" for them. "We'll do it again," Bob and Ellen said. And somehow they always seemed to know when the offer of such service would be specially welcome.

Bob and Ellen were busy and happy in taking care of their children, and in decorating and furnishing their home and making friends with the people who lived near them. But they knew that to be good parents and good neighbors, they must extend their interest out into the community in which they had come to live. There was a small church that would soon be quite inadequate for the many families who were growing up around it. The school would need an addition before Joan and the baby were old enough to attend.

There was something about Bob and Ellen that made people trust them and want to work with them. Part of it was their interest in their own home and their children, and part of it was their concern for the happiness of those around them. When a family of "New Americans" moved into the community, the Thompsons' friendliness to them made other people friendly, too. Because the Thompsons went to church on Sunday, neighbors who had fallen into the habit of staying at home, decided to go, too. When Ellen suggested having a nursery class for tiny children while their parents were in church, she had no trouble in finding people to help her. Even before Joan was old enough to go to school, Bob and Ellen attended meetings of the Parent-Teacher Association, so that they would know how to help when their turn came. When the formation of a community council was under consideration, they were among its most enthusiastic promoters.

There was no doubt that the Thompsons were good neighbors. Everyone who lived near them said so. So did the other members of the community in which they lived. But best of all, they were good parents who, by the happiness and friendliness of their home, were bringing up their children to be good neighbors, too.

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No Dust on Our Bible

(Continued from page 3.)

as the family grows. A noted educator once observed that the two basic professions of life—farming and parent-hood—are the very two in which there is the highest percentage of untrained people. Since this was said, many years ago, immense progress has been made in the training of farmers. But people cannot go to a technical school and learn how to be husbands and wives and parents. These high callings are primarily a matter of their own spirits. God speaks from the Bible. The Bible is then essential to marital and parental training.

Daily Bible reading makes God a member of the home. Young couples who regularly let God speak to them find him their unfailing arbiter in situations that otherwise might become intolerable. In the presence of God, most of the petty differences that so easily flare up into home-destroying quarrels are seen in their true proportions. Whereas, we are told, there are more than three divorces for every ten marriages in our country, such figures for people in our churches are more like three for every hundred. And although no figures, as far as I know, have ever been obtained on those church homes where the Bible has been read in the family circle from the wedding day, we can be sure there is scarcely a broken home to be found.

And then little Nancy comes. When shall she be introduced to God, her heavenly Father? The Bible is a book to be read and she will not be able to read for five years yet. Strange as it may seem, the sixty months that comprise those five years are the most important in the life of that family for the spiritual training of Nancy. Some church schools make a practice of giving a Bible to every child when he joins the Cradle Roll. The reason for this is a very sound one. It will not be long before the child will be able

THIS IS THE WAY WE DID IT . . .

Tidiness at Last

By W. E. Fordham, Jr.

TEACHING my small daughter the fundamentals of keeping a tidy room seemed like an impossible task. Whenever it was time to go to school she invariably left her room cluttered with her pajamas, slippers, robe, etc. Even though she got up early enough, she could always manage to procrastinate long enough that she lacked the few minutes necessary to pick things up. At first, I straightened things after she had gone to school, although I realized it wasn't the thing to do.

I finally did hit upon a solution. She is quite fond of bringing friends from school home with her. I am quite pleased she wants to have friends in her home, and so we have encouraged this. Now, however, we have had to tell her she cannot have permission to invite her friends to her room, unless the room is presentable before she leaves for school each morning.

This has worked remarkably well for us. Now and then she failed at first, and was disappointed to be refused when she asked to bring a guest home with her; but now habit and a sense of pride have begun to take hold, and we have solved our family problem.

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

to take her Bible in her hand and say "book." Not very much later her parents will be teaching her to pray and to learn that this book—the very first one she ever owned—is the Book through which she may find God who answers her prayers. When the time comes for her to look at Bible pictures and to listen to Bible stories, it will all be as natural as eating her three meals a day and going to bed when she gets sleepy.

A wise and devoted mother—yes, and father too—can ground a preschool child so firmly in the Bible in those first five years, when their control of life is almost complete, that none of the howling storms of secularism that begin to swirl around the life of every young American the day he enters the first grade, will ever be able to dislodge it.

One thing can dislodge the early implanting of the Bible and its teachings from the life of a growing child in his parents' home. This is for the parents themselves to depart from the Bible's teachings. Much as children may continue to read their Bibles, they are reading their parents with more interest than they do any book. It is through the children's love for their parents, that love for the Book is added to knowledge of its contents. Let Mother and Father be found reading the Book, too, and talking about it as naturally as they do the daily paper; yes, and attending the church and the school that gather around the Book. All this, but something more. Let parents live blame-

lessly together, being kindly affectioned toward each other, "in honor preferring" each other; creating by their reverence, their restraint, their evident daily comradeship with Christ, that atmosphere that makes home into heaven.

All this costs but little money; but it costs much in prayer, study, persistence and patience. But for parents, the reward is priceless—a child with the Bible in his life, and someday a man after God's own heart.

Hamid, the Egyptian Boy

(Continued from page 20.)

"Yes," agreed Hamid proudly, "I made it especially for my little sister, so that she will not be too lonely when I am away in the House of Books. Come, Ishak, it is time to go home."

Running, Hamid reached his house. Susu was waiting for him with a bright smile.

Hamid shouted, "Catch, Susu!"

He tossed the leather ball through the air and it plopped into Susu's outstretched hands. Her eyes grew bright with pleasure as she stared at the object she held.

"Now," laughed her brother, "you toss it back again to me! See, this is a new game to play, Susu! All day you may throw the ball into the air and catch it while I am studying in the House of Books!"

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(Continued from page 14.)

"Let love be genuine; hate what is evil, hold fast to what is good; love one another with brotherly affection; outdo one another in showing honor."—Romans 12:9-10.

The Words

A Wooden	L Goon
B Tight	M Hotel
C Goose	N Hood
D Bench	O Native
E Wharf	P Deaf
F Fourth	Q Shrill
G Boot	R Theater
H Wool	S Haul
I Onion	T Seine
J Whey	U Treat
K Invent	V Visit

W Alone



School Days Are Here Again!

During September the doors of our educational system will swing open to receive over thirty million bundles of atomic energy, namely, girls and boys. Most of them are glad to be back in school—summer has been hot and long, summer jobs may have been monotonous, or the task of finding something to do has become difficult.

Some parents will heave a sigh of relief that now they will know where their offspring are most of the time, and they will be free of those persistent questions, May I do this? or, Can I go there?

Teachers and officials will gird themselves for the fray, with moods ranging from eager anticipation to that of the "slave, scourged to his dungeon."

Critics will yawn and say that the great American sausage grinder is at work again, putting out little stuffed sausages, alike in every detail.

Most of us will feel pretty good about it as we watch the youngsters troop by. With all its faults, and they are many, American education does more good things for more people than any other similar program in the world.

Shall We Make Them Go?

Isn't it odd that the above question is never asked in regard to public education? Parents take it for granted that when the school door opens and the bell rings, their particular "pride and joy" will go.

How different the situation is in regard to attendance at church. The same parents who will listen to no excuses in an effort to get out of going to school, often sending their children even when they have bad colds and perhaps should not go, will accept any alibi for not going to church. Many churchgoing parents who "make" their children go to school say they do not feel it right to "make" them go to church.

HEARTHSTONE is of the opinion that it is just as important and vital to "make" children go to church as it is to "make" them go to school.

Of course, the question as to how to make them

go is most important. Parents should not send their children to church, they should take them. They will take them, not as grim-visaged policemen taking culprits to jail, but as happy, responsible, duty-loving Christians taking beloved children to their heavenly Father's house.

There are too many angles to this matter for the space available on this last page. What do you think? HEARTHSTONE would be happy to hear from its readers on this question, "Shall we make them go to church? And how!?"

Is It Worth the Risk?

Of course we realize that all life is a matter of taking risks. The man who is afraid of taking risks had better never get out of bed; he might slip on a rug and break a leg. Indeed, it can be argued that the bed itself is the most dangerous piece of furniture in the house; more people die there than anywhere else. But there are risks and *risks*, and some of them are not worth taking.

Dr. Alton Ochsner, of Tulane University School of Medicine, has been doing much research in the field of lung cancer. It is his seasoned and considered opinion, nay, conviction, that people who smoke excessively are running a grave risk of falling victim to that affliction. He concludes after long study that at 45 years of age the risk of developing lung cancer is fifty times as great among those who smoke twenty-five or more cigarettes a day as among nonsmokers.

He further advises all persons past forty, especially men, who have been smoking ten years or more, to have a chest X-ray taken every three months in order to detect quickly a lung cancer if and when it starts.

It is the conviction of one person, who tried hard to "learn to like it," that it is not worth the risk.

Remember . . .

Youngsters have started crossing streets on their way to school again. Drive carefully and continue the improved record of safety for pedestrians made in 1952 over 1951. The life you save may be your own—child's!

**SPEAKING OF
A CHILD'S
FAITH IN GOD**

right
here
is where
it all begins



"AND THESE WORDS, which I command thee this day, shall be upon thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children"—beginning in the earliest days of life.

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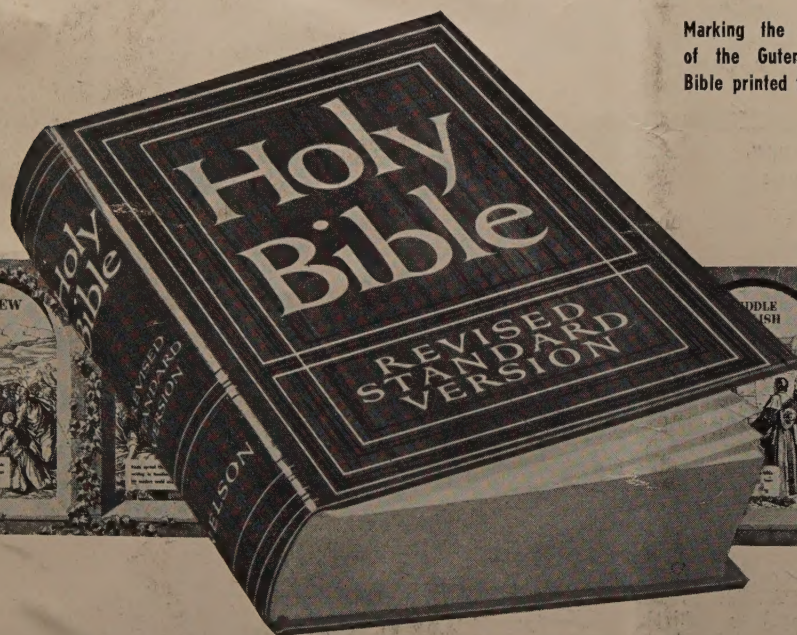
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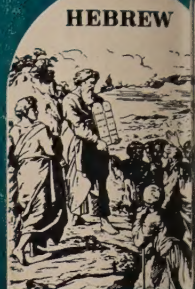
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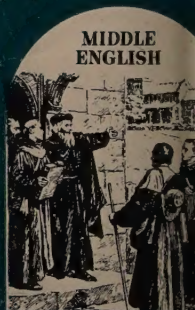
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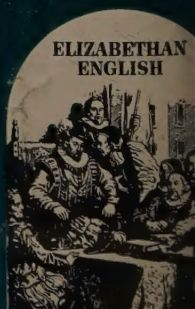
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